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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MAY 1921

2/
MONTH

Old England (ii)	Bernard Gilber
The Poems of Richard Aldington	May Sinclai
The Control of the Life-Cycle (iii)	Julian Huxle
The Ballet Girl	A. E. Coppar
Impersonality	Robert Briffau
England and America	Storm Jameso
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Peter Wright's Book	Jude
Lord Gorell's Matrimonial Causes Bill	E. S. P. Hayne
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* * * * *

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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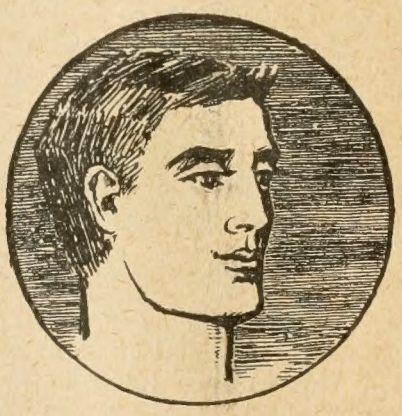

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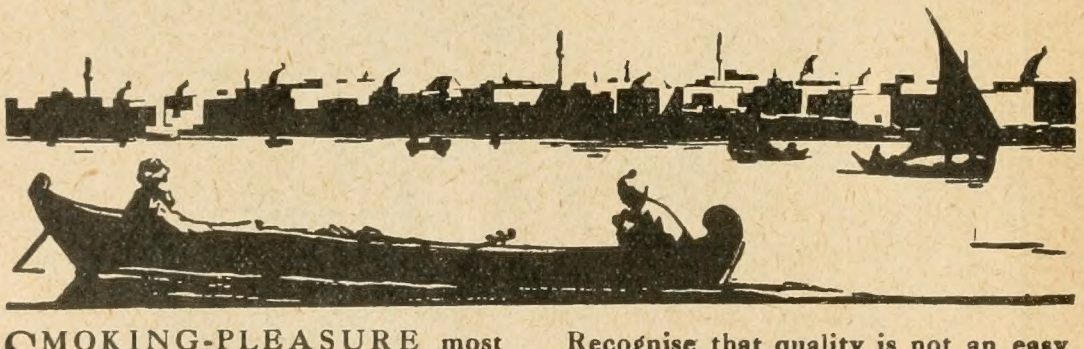

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MERRIE ENGLAND

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

This picture has been "censored" by the Underground Railway.

MY mentality is slowly recovering from a ghastly underground electric shock. My artistic sense has been rudely bludgeoned. My historical conceptions have been shattered. My respect for the immortals has been demoralised. I am suddenly awakened to the fact that I am not a respectable person. And as a corollary that the Royal Academy is not, perhaps, a respectable place, and that the Paris Salon may be conceivably worse.

This blinding flash comes not from above but from the bowels of the earth.

Let me ascend into the sunlight of Nature and become explicit.

The reproduced picture which appears on this page was executed to my commission by an artist whose work has been appreciated by the Committees of the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon.

In what I conceived to be a mood of artistic grace, I had intended that it should be used to beautify the walls of the Underground Railways.

But I must plead guilty to artistic adolescence, for the picture has been censored by the UNDERGROUND authorities. I will quote verbatim from their letter :—

> "The Pope and Bradley posters submitted recently have been returned to you by hand. In our opinion they are lacking in taste, and may be the cause of adverse criticism from our passengers. With regard to 'Masters and Mistresses,' this is open to objection in that the figures shown in the background are historical personages whose moral characters were not above reproach. Whilst not setting up to be the defenders of public morals, we think it is only right to see that all passengers can travel on our railways without fear of offence."

So often have I been physically crushed on the Underground that I am hoping to survive this mental crushing. At least I possess one uncrushable asset, and that is my sense of humour.

But I do feel that an apology is due from me to the shades of the mighty, who are now mercifully rescued from sinking into the depths to which I had inadvertently condemned them.

The blame is mine and I accept it. It was my low-down thought that willed them to descend to a modern sewer. I must rise to my level and ask forgiveness from the shades.

May Byron not blast me.
May Antony not anathematize me.
May Cleopatra not crush me (nor aspire her asp to bite me).
May Charles not chastise me.
May Nell not nauseate me.
May Raleigh not revile me.
And, beyond all,
May the Virgin Queen Elizabeth, whose sweet name is violated by this supersewer censor, vent not her vengeance upon me but upon him, who knows not what he says.
And may God save Merrie England.

* * * * * * * *

Having recovered from this subterranean attack, I should like to mention in the light of day the one moral thing about this House—the prices are so modest they don't even produce profits. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1921.

Old England (ii)

A God's-eye-view of a Village

By Bernard Gilbert

THE following extracts are from the work which will appear in book form shortly. The complete book contains several hundred characters. There is no "action," but the whole "occurs" at one moment in one day towards the end of the German War.

EXTRACT FROM COUNTY DIRECTORY (1914).

Fletton (not to be confused with Fletton, Northants) is a parish and village on the road from Bly to Barkston, eight and a-half miles south-west of Bly (the nearest railway station) in the Western Division of the County. . . The Church of St. Nicholas, partially rebuilt in 1882, when the spire was destroyed in a great storm, is a structure of flint and rubble, with stone facings in the Early Pointed Style of the 13th century. . . . There are five partially stained windows in the chancel, which retains its piscina and sedilia; in the south aisle is the rood loft staircase. . . . The register dates from the year 1583, but is in a very confused state. The living is a vicarage, net yearly rental £299, with residence, in the gift of the Earl of Fletton, and held since 1898 by the Rev. Osmond Roderick Lorne, M.A., of Keble College, Oxford. Here is a Primitive-Methodist chapel, erected in 1861, a Calvinistic-Baptist chapel, erected in 1866, and a Wesleyan-Methodist chapel, erected in 1868. The Earl of Fletton is lord of the manor, and sole landowner with the exception of a freehold farm—the Grange—of 208 acres, the property of Davis Mogg, Esquire. The "Towers," one of the seats of the Fletton family, was built

by Aubrey Llewellyn, first Earl, 1660-167 . . . . The Great Park was ploughed up by the ninth Earl (noted for his treatise on Husbandry); the grounds and gardens amounting now only to 84 acres. . . . The area of the parish is 9,804 acres, and the population in 1911 was 1,593.

VIII.—Australian Waddy.

(*Soldier on leave. Age 24. Bachelor. No religion. Labour. David's son.*)

Being fixed in England on long leave,
I thought I'd take the opportunity before returning to the front,
To have a squint at the village
Where father was fired out by some nobleman because he wouldn't go to church.
Blamed if I didn't find an old boy who claimed he was my grandad!
He was old enough to play the part,
And full of chatter when primed with ale.
He didn't seem upset about the old church affair,
And made out quite a different reason why they tarred and feathered dad and run him out of the village one Saturday night on a rail.
It might be so!
Not that anything would upset grandad!
He'd swap the family Bible, with all the names written in it, for half a pound of tobacco.
I must say he's stuck to his guns,
And I'm proud of him!
Fletton's not a bad place for a holiday—
I've had a rare run!
But "she" says it's not safe for us to meet any longer in the same spot,
So we're going to try the Mill to-night;
It's handy for the cross roads.

CXXXIX.—Mrs. Joseph Toynbee.

(Née *Dring. Age 40. Primitive Methodist. Labour. Fourteen children, all living.*)

Whatever's the matter, Mr. Bones?
It's Joe Toynbee's wife!

Your horseman that 'listed?

As if it wasn't enough for him to slive off and leave me in the lurch! I went across this morning with a bunch of rhubarb to cheer her up—her husband only having gone a week—and expected to find her crying her eyes out——

Poor thing!

She sat in the kitchen with her fourteen bairns clustered round her like a drove of young pigs; and all eating! Their mouths was full of grub, and most of them had toys in their hands! When I began to say I hoped she wasn't "taking on" she laughed! Just drawn her separation allowance of two quid a week!

Impossible!

And no man to feed! She doesn't know what to DO with the money. Never seen so much in her life, all at once! When I offered her the rhubarb she said—she said . . .

What?

I daren't tell you what she said I was to do with it. A female viper, if ever there was one!

I can't hardly credit it, farmer. Two quid a week?

Every week she'll draw it; and on her bended knees that woman's praying the war won't ever stop.

But it's wrong!

Woman!—I says—Woman! Ain't you no natural affection for the man what you chose; the father of your fourteen children; him what's gone to fight for you?

That would stump her!

You couldn't fathom the wickedness of that creature's heart with a scaffold pole. She's glad!

Never!

It took her all her time to keep a straight face. Talked about how he used to come home on Saturday night, dead drunk, and wallop her, and go to bed in his boots. Never gave her more than eight bob a week to keep the whole family.

She shouldn't a had so many!

Exactly what I said; but don't ask me to tell you what she said then. I'm trying to forget it. If women are going to talk like that the sooner men stop marrying the better.

V.—Gentleman Pinion.

(Farmer. Married Mildred Bugg. Age 30. Church of England. Conservative.)

Our Agent is a gentleman, thank goodness!
But things were sadly wrong;
I own it freely now, on looking back:
How could they help it at the ruling prices,
And a position like mine to maintain?
I hadn't a fortune to start with like Edgerley,
Who is really too absurd!
Only creatures like Stower
Who stoop to any dishonourable trick,
Or the awful Hides
With his raucous voice and leather neck,
Who bullies everyone and beats down the tradespeople to the last halfpenny,
Could hope to prosper.
I can't stoop to their level,
Unworthy of a gentleman farmer and a Pinion.
But the war saved me!
I am better off than ever,
And if it only keeps on for a reasonable time
I shall be in quite a strong position.
I own there was one moment when things looked awkward,
But they decided (as they were bound to)
That farmers couldn't possibly be taken to fight alongside their labourers.
I lent my motor to the Military
At barely what it cost,
And sold them my hay and straw without a murmur.
The cheque from the Government has paid Townsend's seed and manure account
Which was keeping me awake at nights.
The Prime Minister says our fields are our trenches,
And that we farmers can win the war;
Everything, he says, depends on us—
And we shall do our best—
As long as they don't fix prices too low!
I wish father could have lived until now;
He talked so much about how Free Trade ruined farmers,

And said, "A time would come!":
It really does seem satisfactory to be patriotic and make money at the same time;
Yet there are some who say we ought to be fighting!
What would become of my farm if I went?
I've a good foreman on the Priory Farm,
But he needs the eye of a Master.

XXVI.—Grandfather Waddy.

(Old-age pensioner. Age 92. Widower. Atheist. Labour.)

I'm very old, and don't care how soon I die;
Not that I want to go before my time—
Nobody doesn't what's in his right mind—
But I've a sort of satisfied feeling on account of my grandson Oliver turning up on leave.
They've called me "Chartist," "Fenian," "Infidel," and "Hordle Hound" by turn,
But, being the only man in Fletton as couldn't be kicked out
By reason of a common-right that goes with this cottage,
The only one not stolen from the village,
I've been able to stick to my guns against the whole crew—
Nobility, Church, and Chapel.
When I was a lad, I used to sit by the fire listening to Father and Uncle William talking about Waterloo;
They was scared of Boney, like everybody else,
But if he'd only been English-born he'd a led the poor against the rich
And things would have been different.
Father wouldn't have been left to starve with one leg, as he was
(Only Uncle William stood by him),
Father'd say sometimes 'twas a pity Boney didn't win;
Because they would never have enclosed the Commons.
But that's going too far!
Although when I've been in gaol for trying to get the labourers to band against starvation wages, I've felt pretty desperate;
Yet have I hoped against hope!

And now my grandson has brought tales of a country where
things is different;
How it warms my old heart to hear him!
He looks everybody in the face, and nobody threatens to
send him to gaol,
Neither magistrate, keeper, policeman, parson, nor yet the
Earl.
That night he knocked Jackson Challands through the pub
window, when he tried his rough tricks, I got dead
drunk with joy;
Nobody never stood up to Challands before:
Now he daren't show himself at the Cross Keys till his
face gets straight again.

XXXVII.—Mrs. Walker Harrod.

*(War widow. Age 25. Wesleyan. Conservative.
Granddaughter of George Jenkins.)*

We waited three years because we couldn't get a cottage
(There's always more husbands than houses in Fletton)
And then he was called up on our wedding day!
What made it hardest was being killed the very minute he
got out:
It was just murder!
Grandad Jenkins keeps saying that everything passes,
But he's a hundred, and doesn't care:
I want my man back!
Sally Makins tells everybody I'm lucky to have a pension
and no child:
I hope her man will knock her other eye out!
Why should they have took him and left the farmers' sons,
The two young Todds, Mr. Pinion, Mr. Edgerley and
Edward Dane,
To say nothing of their gamekeepers and motor-drivers.
Walker went because Mr. Mogg couldn't get him off
Through not having a "pull."
Fletton's full of strong young fellows who ought to be
fighting,
But they stay at home and get rich,
While everybody looks up to them:
The world isn't fair!

XXXIX.—"Captain" (Norman) Jameson.

(Salvation Army officer. Age 43. Married. Conservative. Lodges with Albert Cook.)

For nearly a year I have laboured under the banner of Blood and Fire,
Marching the streets with my two faithful women;
But there are over many Chapels here:
Whilst the Methodists with unfair competition,
Led by that reprobate Winterbourne,
Sing enticing hymns in the market-place.
Salvationism isn't suited to places where there are no slums,
And nobody lies drunk in the streets to be rescued.
There are no real poor, no real crimes here.
Last Saturday night I was driven to stand at the door of the Golden Cross,
Collecting pennies in my tambourine for Sunday's dinner;
The game's not worth the candle!
If it hadn't been for Hannah and Laura Cook, I should have been stranded long ago!
But politics are stirring again, and a ready tongue ought to find a market;
Meantime, I've a little plan up my sleeve
Which comes off to-night
And should result in something useful!
It's a gamble, of course—
But life's nothing else!

XLI.—Hannah Cook.

(Albert's wife. Age 43. Salvation Army. Liberal. Née Bones.)

You'd think Lena had married Mr. Dane instead of the postmaster by the airs she puts on;
Brother Jim left off trading at their shop because of that;
I hope Lottie Burrows won't trap Jim,
They say she's taken *all steps* to get her uncle to leave her his fortune.
We don't have to run after anyone,
'Coz Albert gets good wages now, being head-man to the herd;

But he's not going abroad with 'em to please Mr. Dane;
We'll die where we've lived!
Of course, I know Albert hankers after the Primitives,
And when Captain Jameson leaves—
Which he soon will, I'm very much afraid—
We'll think about going back—
Providing they give way over the harmonium.
They'll value me now they've seen what I can do;
And if Liz Dodds is ratting there'll be no one else to play.
My sister-in-law fancies the Captain—
Poor fool!
Of course, Laura's useful with the tambourine,
And I don't want to stop her helping,
That's why I've never told her the truth.
He says his wife's married again,
But Lena's seen her postcards!
Eliza Sharples called to see the old dad one night, and saw something;
Though she won't say *what*:
If I thought Laura had the Captain in bed, I'd scratch her eyes out!
He says he shall be "late" this evening,
It'll be as well if I follow him when he goes out after supper.

XLII.—Hamilton Dring.

(Schoolmaster. Age 46. Married Lucy Ambrose. Church of England. Liberal.)

My life is like one of those days when a sea-fog comes across the Fen,
And you don't know where you are or where you're going;
Four-and-twenty years I've lived in this school-house
(Built by the late Earl and given to the Church
To propitiate Providence, I suppose):
The young ones come from the Council School at seven years old
To be educated by me and grounded in religion by the Vicar.
I teach them their three "R's," inculcate a due respect for their betters,
And at fourteen they drift away, with nothing to show for it!
The labourers' boys turn into servile animals,

The farmers' boys lead their small herd,
And the girls become inferior creatures, each in her own station.
They can sign their names instead of making a mark,
And read the Government posters or the hymns on Sundays:
(Isaac Creasey and Mogg still spell out each verse for the old folks)
But that's all!
I had hopes of Cullen, who took to literature as if he was born for it:
A brilliant lad who'd have done me credit:
Only his father kept him in Fletton until he couldn't stand it any longer;
And he hadn't the guts to run away!
I kept one of his unfinished poems by me,
The rest of his work having vanished;
It shows great promise:
And he might have immortalised Fletton.
Even the war hasn't touched Fletton:
A few lads have gone,
But they always left when they grew up;
And what wives remain are better off than ever, with the separation allowance;
(Like Mrs. Toynbee with her fourteen)
They probably hope that peace will never come;
(Which is what all farmers think).
The only ones to suffer are the Vicar and myself,
Who feel the pinch in our fixed incomes.
Mr. Hanbury and Inspector Daniels have feathered their nests;
While everybody else benefits in one way or another by the rising prices.
There are times when I could drown myself,
If it wasn't for the nights I spend with Cobbler George—
Our champion draughts-player—
Who's a chatty soul and the best of company:
I win or draw about one in three;
Which is more than anyone else in Fletton can boast of.

CXXI.—Hiram Jorkins.

(Smallholder under County Council. Age 50. Married Harriet Maplethorpe. Wesleyan. Labour.)

Being under a Committee's no bottle;
They come by twos and threes and ask the softest questions,
And never attend to nothing.
They wouldn't give me a penny rebate on account of the flood last spring,
Though all the Estate got allowed,
And if Mr. Townsend hadn't been easy over his bill, I should have been stumped.
Anybody as takes a holding under a County Council when they can get one in the old way's a fool!
I'd a thousand times rather be under our Earl.
Best of all would be to own your own place—
Which, however, don't seem possible—
I suppose there must be Earls—
Though if what Huck Oldfield told our Ezra about them Socialists be true—
The sooner they come in the better!
Everybody in the country'll be for them,
Excepting big farmers like them Danes
Who—they say—have cleared a million out of the war.
They've more land than they can see over, once in three months:
While I know every inch of mine backward!
When you've your own show you can improve it
'Coz all you put into it is yours:
But who's going to slave for a Committee?
It pays you better to get what you can out of one holding and go to another.

CXXVI.—Snip Maplethorpe.

(Tailor. Age 47. Married Olive Munks. Wesleyan. Liberal.)

These farmers have all made fortunes out of the war:
Why don't they spend some of it?
A tailor's life was a misery, even in the old days,

'Coz our folks don't begin to get used to a suit till they've had it ten years.
Dad made a square-cut rig for Jeremiah Lowe in eighteen-ninety,
And by all accounts he'll be buried in it.
Our Vicar, who ought to set the fashion, is downer at the heels than any,
Beaten only by Peg-Leg Jackson or Hiram Jorkins;
I always expect Mr. Daniels to pull him up—
He ain't respectable behind—
And his trousers hang in such loops they make me dizzy!
When Abel Sneath retired I thought he'd have a new kit,
But you'd a thought I was trying to rob him by his noise;
And they *say* Mogg's Sunday suit came out of Wales the year of the Great Exhibition!
It may be so:
I always thought Cobbler George made it!
When Mr. Wardle comes electioneering I sit on the front seat,
To study the latest fashions from London:
He's a picture!
And these farmers' sons what fancy themselves with knitted waistcoats and brown boots should study him too.
Cutts has no chance against him,
He's a low fellow, anyway,
My uncle picked him out of the gutter.
Dolph Swift's a dandy in his way—
Though he's too girlish for my fancy—
And Widow King's boy Jerry says he wears stays!
If it wasn't for Wallace Ruston, Alec Barley and David Coulson,
And the sing-songs we have on Saturday nights,
I'd close down and take a job under the Army Clothing Depôt.
What chance have you in a place where fashion never changes,
And the labourers pass their corduroys from father to son?

CXXVIII.—Arbuthnot Wardle, M.P.

(Barrister and Conservative Member. Age 47. Married Earl's great-niece. Church of England.)

The news about this fellow Cutts is almost too good to be true!
How foolish it is to get in a panic,
Because the Socialists carry a few towns:
We shall always keep the land,
Thanks to their idiotic idea of nationalising it.
I'm afraid our poor old Radical "Scarecrow" will be disheartened
And may throw up the sponge,
Which would be awkward,
Especially as we've got several streets of Bly in the constituency now,
With its mobs of foundrymen.
I must talk to the Countess about sending help to Bennington's agent Fletcher,
A touch of the Socialist Bogey should suffice for the hard-mouthed cranky old she-devil!
I must say I agree—to some extent—with Ferrett,
Who's no fool!
(The Countess would do well to listen to him
Only she's so pig-headed,
Thinking the *Morning Post's* inspired
Because Victoria used to swear by it).
We haven't done enough for the working class:
There's been no need to drive them to the Rads,
With whom they have nothing in common;
We should have seen that they had better conditions
Instead of waiting to have them forced on us.
Where Ferrett's mad, is wanting to give them land:
That would never do!
It would upset the System.
What a joke this rant about democracy is!
We keep quietly along, and its makes no difference.
As somebody said in the "House" lately.
"*The more you change it, the more it's the same thing.*"
That hits off Old England to a "T."

The Poems of Richard Aldington

By May Sinclair

It is more than six years since the first poems of Richard Aldington appeared in the first *Imagiste* anthology. They were followed by seven other poems in *Some Imagist Poets* in 1915; by *Reverie* and *Myrrhine and Konallis* in 1917; and in 1919 by *Images of War*, *Images of Desire* and *Images*.

In these six years other poets have become well known who were not known at all when Mr. Aldington, a very young man, was writing his *Choricos*, and *To a Greek Marble*, but he still waits for that intelligent comprehension which might have been his if he had been more conspicuously the child of his own nation and his own age; or even if, keeping his Greek soul, he had been more ductile and placable, if he had bent his mind to compromise and conciliation—if he had been the sort of person and the sort of poet that he is not. He might have found his inspiration in Anyte of Tegea, in Theocritus, in Meleager or where he pleased, he might have written about the

> " lithe, pale girls
> Daughters of Oceanus,"

about Argyria,

> " Swayer of reeds, whisperer
> Among the flowering rushes.
> * * * * *
> Swallow-fleet,
> Sea-child cold from waves,"

about Isis,

> Straight and slim . . .
> As a marble phallus,

as much as he liked, and comprehension, more or less intelligent, would have followed, if only he had written in familiar verse forms, forms that by an irresistible associa-

tion of ideas, and the stirring of a thousand literary reminiscences suggest to the hypnotised reader and reviewer, "This is poetry." As it is, he puts them off by writing about unfamiliar things in unfamiliar forms of *vers libre*, and in an unfamiliar manner. His austerity puts them off; they mistake it for coldness; they are apt to think he is both perverse and insincere because, being a subject of the British Empire, born in a Christian age and a Christian country, he celebrates the loves of Myrrhine and Konallis as a Greek would have celebrated them, without a suggestion of ugliness and without shame.

And yet it is his achievement of this manner, this complete tri-unity of form, spirit and substance that prove his sincerity and his naturalness and the reality of his inspiration. Richard Aldington is possessed by the sense of beauty, the desire of beauty, the absolute emotion, as no English poet since Shelley has been yet possessed, with the solitary exception of H. D. The pre-war Richard Aldington refuses to recognise the reality of anything else but beauty on this earth. He gets beauty, "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace," out of grief and death. His *Choricos* recalls the grave music of the Greek tragic chorus.

The ancient songs
Pass deathward mournfully.

* * * * * *

the songs pass
From the green land
Which lies upon the waves as a leaf
On the flowers of hyacinth;
And they pass from the waters,
The manifold winds and the dim moon,
And they come,
Silently winging through soft Kimmerian dusk,
To the quiet level lands
That she keeps for us all,
That she wrought for us all for sleep
In the silver days of the earth's dawning—
Proserpina, daughter of Zeus.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

And of all the ancient songs
Passing to the swallow-blue halls
By the dark stream of Persephone,
This only remains
That we turn to thee,
Death,
That we turn to thee, singing
One last song.

* * * * * *

Or take this: *To a Greek Marble*. It has the stillness and the firm beauty of well-wrought marble.

Πότνια, πότνια,
White grave goddess,
Pity my sadness,
Oh silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,
These garments and decorum;
I am thy brother,
Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in our solitudes
Of our loves in Phrygia,
The far ecstasy of burning noons
When the fragile pipes
Ceased in the cypress shade,
And the brown fingers of the shepherd
Moved over slim shoulders;
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills
And the lisp of reeds
And the sun upon thy breasts,

And thou hearest me not,
Πότνια, πότνια,
Thou hearest me not.

Observe the way it is done, the pauses and the cadence.

These poems were the first that Mr. Aldington published. They were written before he was twenty. Already they show a certainty, a fine finish. Already he has the command of a form, and of a rhythm absolutely right for his purposes. His rhythm, at its best, is distinguished, more decided, more stressed than Mr. Flint's, less subtle than H.D.'s or Ezra Pound's. In technique he has not done better than these first poems; or the later *Stele*:

Pan, O Pan,
The oread weeps in the stony olive garden
On the hill side.
There bloom the fragile
Blue-purple wind-flowers,
There the wild fragrant narcissus
Bends by the grey stones.
But Pan, O Pan,
The oread weeps in the stony olive garden
She heeds not the moss-coloured lizards
And crocus-yellow butterflies.

For her reed-pipe
That was the crying of the wind,
Her pipe that was the singing
Wind of the mountain,
Her pipe is broken.

Pan, O Pan,
As you rush from the peaks
With the wood-girls and flower-girls
And the shouting fauns,
Unawares you have broken her little reed
With your stamping hoofs.

And she weeps in the olive garden.

So far there is no mistaking his affinity. The error is in his date. He should have been born some centuries B.C.; he should have been young when Sappho or Anyte of Tegea were young. Then his spirit could have maintained itself without conflict and without misgiving, in that harmonious adjustment of internal to external relations" which is happy life. To be born at the end of the nineteenth century and to be young in the youth of the twentieth must be counted as misfortune to a poet like Richard Aldington. For there is no mistaking his modernity. One half of him is not Greek, and it brings into his poetry an element which is not Greek, a pain, a dissatisfaction, a sadness that the purely Greek soul did not know. Whatever it may have been for other people, life for the ancient Greek poet of any age before the decadence seems to have been harmonious and beautiful beyond our conception. His æsthetic sensibilities were not outraged at every turn; there was no intense conflict between his soul and its surroundings; he was not harassed and handicapped by exacting moralities. Beyond an occasional sense of satiety and the prevision of death, nothing came between him and the joy of life. He knew little of the Roman poets' *Tædium vitæ*. His complaint was not against life but against death that puts an end to the happy sequence of sensations. His sadness was mainly elegiac.

The modern poet is not greatly worried about death. Death to him is only one more disagreeable incident closing a series of disagreeable incidents. He even finds it acceptable because of its finality. His quarrel is with life itself because so much of life is ugly and discordant. And so

Richard Aldington brings his sad modernity into the heart of his Greek world. His joy in beauty which was pure joy to the ancient Greek who had to do with beauty unadulterated and unstained, his joy has in it a deep, incurable dissatisfaction. Beauty hurts him as it did not and could not hurt the Greek; because he sees that its position in the modern world is dangerous and impermanent.

And for a time the modern world gets the better of him, and the poems that succeed *Choricos* and the rest are mainly records of this defeat. He has waked up from his pagan dream to find himself a modern. He is convinced unwillingly that a modern poet must *be* modern; he must assimilate the world as it is now, or die to his time, perhaps to all time. He realises that there is beauty—capricious, bizarre, discordant, yet piercing and overwhelming beauty—in the modern world. But he is divorced from it. He cannot yet seize it, and make it his own. He can see nothing but ugliness. Hence the impression of conflict, of profound incompleteness conveyed by these poems of his transition.

He takes a walk in Kensington.

> The cripples are going to church.
> Their crutches beat upon the stones,
> And they have clumsy iron boots.
>
> Their clothes are black, their faces peaked and mean;
> Their legs are withered
> Like dried bean pods.
>
> Their eyes are as stupid as frogs'.
> And the god, September,
> Has paused for a moment here
> Garlanded with crimson leaves.
> He held a branch of fruited oak,
> He smiled like Hermes the beautiful
> Cut in marble.

At the Cinema exit

> Millions of human vermin
> Swarm sweating
> Along the night-arched cavernous roads.
>
> (Happily rapid chemical processes
> Will disintegrate them all.)

Like his contemporary, Jean de Bosschère, he has no

illusions. *Childhood*, the finest poem of this period, has a savage, remorseless vigour in its portrayal of reality.

> The bitterness, the misery, the wretchedness of childhood
> Put me out of love with God,
> I can't believe in God's goodness;
> I can believe
> In many avenging gods.
> Most of all I believe
> In gods of bitter dullness,
> Cruel, local gods
> Who seared my childhood.

There is no Greek serenity about this.

But his art remains firm. It is intensely concentrated. Rossetti took more than four hundred lines to dispose of "Jenny's case." Mr. Aldington takes eighteen.

> You were my playmate by the sea
> We swam together—
> Your girl's body had no breasts.
> * * * * * *
> * * * * * *
> And I had quite forgotten you
> You and your name.
>
> To-day I pass through the streets,
> She who touches my arm and talks with me
> Is—who knows?—Helen of Sparta,
> Dryope, Laodamia.
>
> And here are you
> A whore in Oxford Street.

These are his attempts at assimilation. At times he is obsessed by his sense of frustration, his failure to achieve.

The series of his love poems dates from the middle and later years of the war, beginning with *Reverie*, written where "the hot sun burns in the white trench," where

> The guns are beating madly upon the still air
> With sudden rapid blows of sound,
> And men die with the quiet sun above them
> And horror and pain and noise upon earth;

the verse going gravely with great dignity and an Attic calm.

> . . . there are some who love God,
> And some their country and some gain,
> Some are happy to exact obedience,
> And some to obey for the sake of a cause—
> But I am indifferent to all these things
> Since it was for her sake only I was born
> That I should love her . . .

And then :

> Would that we were dead, we two,
> Dead centuries upon centuries,
> Forgotten, even our race and tongue forgotten,
> Would that we had been dead so long
> That no memory of the fret of life
> Could ever trouble us.
>
> We would be together, always together,
> Always in a land of many flowers
> And bright sunlight and cool shade;
> We should not even need to kiss
> Or join our hands;
> It would be enough to be together.
>
> She would stoop and gather a flower,
> A pale, sweet-scented fragile flower,
> (A flower whose name I will not tell,
> The symbol of all love to us.)
> And I would watch her smile
> And see the fair flowers of her breast
> As the soft coloured garment opened from her throat.

How beautiful and poignant, yet how serene it is.

And while other war-poets were trying with feverish pertinacity to make songs of the infinite brutality and filth and squalor of the trenches, Richard Aldington turned back to his beautiful Greek world, and wrote his *Myrrhine and Konallis*, a sequence of the most exquisite love poems in the language, poems that, if he had never written another line, ought to be enough to secure for him a high and permanent place in literature.

To be sure, the love is Lesbian, but Mr. Aldington has kept for us its pagan innocence and candour, its mortal pathos, and left us no image that is not beautiful. The figures, exquisite and fragile, pass shining as in some processional frieze of marble overlaid by gold, washed clean by the light of a world too remote, too long dead to excite our repulsion or our blame : a world not quite real.

> Hierocleia, bring hither my silver vine-leaf-carved armlet and the mirror graven with two Maenads,
> For my heart is burned to dust with longing for Konallis;
> And this is the silver armlet which pressed into her side when I held her,
> And before this mirror she bound up her golden-hyacinth-curled hair, sitting in the noon sunlight.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> O reeds move softly and make keen bewildering music,
> For I fear lest Arkadian Pan should seize Myrrhine as she comes from the city;

O Artemis, shed thy light across the peaks to hasten her coming,
But do thou, Eos, hold back thy white radiance till love be content.

* * * * * *

Sappho, Sappho, long ago the dust of earth mingled with the dust of thy dear limbs,
And only little clay figures, painted with Tyrian red, with crocus, and with Lydian gold,
Remain to show thy beauty; but thy wild lovely songs shall last for ever.
Soon we too shall join Anacetoria and Kudno and kiss thy pale shadowy fingers.

(And yet people were wondering which, if any, of our younger talents would survive the war.)

In his treatment of modern passion, Mr. Aldington, incorruptibly pagan, displays the same frankness and naïveté.

The perfume of her flesh stays with me
Dwells in my mouth and nostrils
After she has gone,
So that no flavour of wine or flower
Can conquer it.

Again

Your body has the hot splendour of gold lands
Laden with sunlight and sharp heat—
Lovely and savage.

* * * * * *

Such little breasts as yours
Felt the quick asp bite
Where lords had pressed their lips.

And so on, till images of war cut across images of desire :—

Reserve.

Though you desire me I will still feign sleep,
And check my eyes from opening to the day,
For as I lie thrilled by your gold-dark flesh,
I think of how the dead, my dead, once lay.

Till an appalling doubt comes to him.

And yet and yet
I am still not free from bitterness,
For as I sit here thinking so tenderly of her,
Maybe, over there across the Channel,
Her eyes smile at another man
As they smiled at me,
And her red mouth stabs him to passion
As it stabbed me,
Is any woman both beautiful and loyal?

It is because I cannot separate the post-war from the pre-war Richard Aldington, the poet of *Myrrhine and Konallis* from the poet of *Choricos* that I find myself disconcerted by some of his war poems (*Images of War*). They belong to that incomplete modern half of him so imperfectly fused with the other finished half. They seem not so much to have sprung spontaneously from himself as to have been torn from him by a cruel external compulsion, a compulsion that does violence to his genius. They are sincere, they are direct, they are faithful transcripts of experience:

> "Well, as to that, the nastiest job I've had
> Was last year on this very front
> Taking the discs at night from men
> Who'd hung for six months on the wire
> Just over there.
> The worst of all was
> They fell to pieces at a touch.
> Thank God we couldn't see their faces;
> They had gas helmets on."

They have lines, passages of great beauty:

> Night after night comes the moon
> Haughty and perfect;

they have one or two perfect poems, but, for the rest, something vital and necessary has been extinguished in them between their conception and their birth. They are too calm. It is as if the superhuman restraint that makes possible the endurance of great danger, of great horror, had checked the first passionate impulse of their being. They have not that quality which, in spite of its hysterical violence, makes a war-poem of D. H. Lawrence an intolerable, a shattering thing.

Still, one or two perfect poems:

> I am grieved for our hands, our hands that have caressed roses and women's flesh and old lovely books and marbles of Carrara. I am grieved for our hands that were so reverent in beauty's service, so glad of beauty, of tressed hair and silken robe and gentle fingers, so glad of bronze and wood and stone and rustling parchment. So glad, so reverent, so white.
>
> I am grieved for our hands.

And *An Earth Goddess*, *After the Advance*, 1917, and *A Village*. And *Three Little Girls*.

Marianne, Madeline, Alys,
Three little girls I used to see
Two months ago,
Three little girls whose fathers were killed
And mothers lost,
Three little girls with broken shoes
And hard, sharp coughs,
Three little girls who sold us sweets
Too near the shells,
Three little girls with names of saints
And angels' eyes,
Three little girls, where are you now?
Marianne, Madeline, Alys.

His inhumanism has gone from him,

For there's so much to love,
So much to see and understand,
So much naïveté, whimsicality
Even in a dull village like this.

His translations (from *Anyte of Tegea*, and *Anacreon* and *Meleager*) raise questions: How much of original form, of rhythm, metre and essential structure will you sacrifice in order to keep the spirit and meaning and magic of your author? Is any rhymed form a successful substitute for purely quantitative metres? Is verse or prose the better medium for the translation of poetry?

Mr. Aldington has no doubt about the answers. On the whole, his own achievement in this difficult art justifies his sweeping rejection of rhyme, metre and verse structure. He has thus avoided the artificial inversions, the padded lines, the forced rhymes which are the vices of the metrical translator. English rhyme is no sort of equivalent for Greek rhythm. In abandoning the actual pattern of his original he has kept its firm, clear outlines, and he is incomparably closer to its meaning and its spirit. Some of its magic is bound to escape him. In *Anyte of Tegea* and *Anacreon* this magic is so much a thing of feeling and image that it is not wholly lost in translation.

A Dolphin:

No more, exulting in the calm sea, shall I rise from the depths and thrust through the waves;

No more shall I rush past the beautiful prow of a fair-row-locked ship, delighting in the figure-head.

The dark waters of the sea dashed me to land and I lie here upon this narrow shore.

Hermes of the Ways.

I, Hermes, stand here at the cross-roads by the wind-beaten orchard, near the hoary grey coast;
And I keep a resting-place for weary men. And the cool stainless spring gushes out.

The same with *Anacreon.*

The Wine-Bibber:

Set me free to drink, to drink at a draught—by the gods! I will be mad drunk!
Alkmaion was mad and white-foot Orestes, who slew his mother; but I kill no one, drinking red wine—I will, I will be mad drunk!
Herakles was mad once, distracted by the terrible quiver and the Iphiteian bow; Ajax also was mad, shaking the sword and shield of Hector.
But I have a wine-cup and this garland for my long hair, no dagger or bow—I will, I will be mad drunk!

Love and the Bee.

Love did not know there was a bee sleeping in the roses and was stung; he shook his finger and cried out.
He ran and fluttered to the beautiful Cyprian and exclaimed: "I am killed, mother, I am killed, I shall die! A little winged serpent which peasants call a honey-bee, stabbed me."
And she answered: "If the sting of a honey-bee hurt so much, how much do you think they suffer, Love, who are stung by you?"

But with the poets of the Greek Decadence feeling and imagination have ceased to be spontaneous and are fixed in forms of convention and reminiscence, and their magic depends strictly on the phrasing, on the relations of word to word rather than of word to feeling and idea. In the inevitable disturbance of these relations it is gone.

Take, for example, the beautiful *Heliodora*: Here is Mr. Aldington:

I give tears, poor tears, all that is left my love,
to you, Heliodora, in Hades under the earth.
On your tear-wet grave I lay the memory of
our passion, the memory of our affection.

This has not the enchantment of

δάκρυα σοὶ καὶ νέρθε, διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδώρα,
δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Ἀΐδαν.

"Poor tears" is scarcely satisfactory for δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα. And why "affection" for φιλοφροσύνη, and not "joy"?

Marianne, Madeline, Alys,
Three little girls I used to see
Two months ago,
Three little girls whose fathers were killed
And mothers lost,
Three little girls with broken shoes
And hard, sharp coughs,
Three little girls who sold us sweets
Too near the shells,
Three little girls with names of saints
And angels' eyes,
Three little girls, where are you now?
Marianne, Madeline, Alys.

His inhumanism has gone from him,

For there's so much to love,
So much to see and understand,
So much naïveté, whimsicality
Even in a dull village like this.

His translations (from *Anyte of Tegea*, and *Anacreon* and *Meleager*) raise questions: How much of original form, of rhythm, metre and essential structure will you sacrifice in order to keep the spirit and meaning and magic of your author? Is any rhymed form a successful substitute for purely quantitative metres? Is verse or prose the better medium for the translation of poetry?

Mr. Aldington has no doubt about the answers. On the whole, his own achievement in this difficult art justifies his sweeping rejection of rhyme, metre and verse structure. He has thus avoided the artificial inversions, the padded lines, the forced rhymes which are the vices of the metrical translator. English rhyme is no sort of equivalent for Greek rhythm. In abandoning the actual pattern of his original he has kept its firm, clear outlines, and he is incomparably closer to its meaning and its spirit. Some of its magic is bound to escape him. In *Anyte of Tegea* and *Anacreon* this magic is so much a thing of feeling and image that it is not wholly lost in translation.

A Dolphin:

No more, exulting in the calm sea, shall I rise from the depths and thrust through the waves;

No more shall I rush past the beautiful prow of a fair-row-locked ship, delighting in the figure-head.

The dark waters of the sea dashed me to land and I lie here upon this narrow shore.

Hermes of the Ways.

I, Hermes, stand here at the cross-roads by the wind-beaten orchard, near the hoary grey coast;
And I keep a resting-place for weary men. And the cool stainless spring gushes out.

The same with *Anacreon.*

The Wine-Bibber:

Set me free to drink, to drink at a draught—by the gods! I will be mad drunk!
Alkmaion was mad and white-foot Orestes, who slew his mother; but I kill no one, drinking red wine—I will, I will be mad drunk!
Herakles was mad once, distracted by the terrible quiver and the Iphiteian bow; Ajax also was mad, shaking the sword and shield of Hector.
But I have a wine-cup and this garland for my long hair, no dagger or bow—I will, I will be mad drunk!

Love and the Bee.

Love did not know there was a bee sleeping in the roses and was stung; he shook his finger and cried out.
He ran and fluttered to the beautiful Cyprian and exclaimed: "I am killed, mother, I am killed, I shall die! A little winged serpent which peasants call a honey-bee, stabbed me."
And she answered: "If the sting of a honey-bee hurt so much, how much do you think they suffer, Love, who are stung by you?"

But with the poets of the Greek Decadence feeling and imagination have ceased to be spontaneous and are fixed in forms of convention and reminiscence, and their magic depends strictly on the phrasing, on the relations of word to word rather than of word to feeling and idea. In the inevitable disturbance of these relations it is gone.

Take, for example, the beautiful *Heliodora*: Here is Mr. Aldington:

I give tears, poor tears, all that is left my love,
to you, Heliodora, in Hades under the earth.
On your tear-wet grave I lay the memory of
our passion, the memory of our affection.

This has not the enchantment of

δάκρυα σοὶ καὶ νέρθε, διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδώρα,
δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Ἀΐδαν.

"Poor tears" is scarcely satisfactory for δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα. And why "affection" for φιλοφροσύνη, and not "joy"?

Desolate we move across a desolate land,
The high gates closed,
No answer to our prayer;
Naught left save our integrity,
No murmur against Fate
Save that we are juster than the unjust gods,
More pitiful than they.

If you ask me what he "stands" for I should say he stands for just that: indomitable endurance and defiance —that and an incorruptible faithfulness to reality, to beauty. These are moral qualities, but they have their æsthetic counterparts.

I don't want to talk about a poet as though he were a parliamentary candidate, otherwise I should say that, technically, he stands for freedom, freedom of subject, freedom of form and treatment, freedom from cramping tradition and convention. He might not now subscribe to the manifesto of "Imagism" except so far as to defend the concrete image against the abstract word, but he would, I think, agree with Mr. Flint's axiom: "The test of poetry is sincerity, the test of sincerity is style, and the test of style is personality."

The statement admits of the criticism that the term "personality" itself calls for some definition which will have to include poetic quality, and this brings us into a vicious circle; but the truth remains that *without* personality there can be no style, and without style no poetry.

Personality. Judged by this test, Richard Aldington's work will surely stand, whether you take his earliest poems, *Choricos*, or *Bromios*, or one of his latest—*Epilogue*:

But we who do not drug ourselves with lies
Know, with how deep a pathos, that we love
Only the warmth and beauty of this life,
Before the blankness of the unending gloom.
Here for a little while we see the sun,
And smell the grape-vines on the terraced hills,
And sing and weep, fight, starve, and feast, and love
Lips and soft breasts too sweet for innocence. . . .

The Control of the Life-Cycle (iii)

By Julian Huxley

But the reason that the tissues of the adult do not grow is not that they have lost all power of growth. When an adult muscle is injured, the injury can be repaired. In order to accomplish this, the muscle-cells near the point of injury lose their characteristic striated structure, which enables them to contract, and become de-differentiated. In this condition they multiply, and when enough young muscle-tissue has been produced, the new cells differentiate again, and assume the striated adult structure. It would seem as if the power of reproduction and the power of working efficiently cannot exist together in such a complicated tissue as muscle. An analogy will illustrate this. We have seen that an axolotl can be transformed into its adult state by means of thyroid. Now, if thyroid be given to a female during the egg-laying period, the egg-laying stops within a day or two, and the transformation begins. To carry on both egg-production and metamorphosis together is too great a task for the organism.

Something roughly parallel to this occurs in cancer. Each kind of cancer is produced from one particular type of tissue. In every cancer, the special structure characterising the cells of the normal tissue has been partially lost, and with it the power of working in the normal way; but meanwhile a power of growth over and above any possessed by the normal tissue has been gained, and the greater the difference of the cell from the normal in appearance and working, the greater is the excess power of growth, and the more malignant the cancer.

In very malignant growths, as in some spontaneous cancers of the mouse, the cancer may continue growing, like a parasite, at the expense of the animal that is both its host and its parent, and finally suck it dry, as the stolon of Perophora was sucked dry by the healthy individual. In the competition with the body, the tumour tissues, simply

because they are growing, and so working faster, get first call on the available food. Some tumours take their origin from fatty tissues; these may continue to grow and to be full of fat after every fat-globule—that is to say, every particle of reserve food-supply—has disappeared from the tissues of the rest of the animal. The tumour may be well nourished, the rest of the animal literally starving.

Nothing could better illustrate that balanced competition between parts which we have already discussed in connection with metamorphosis. It is important to note that in such a system the balance should be capable of being tilted either way. Normally, the cancer wins; but if we knew how, we could so damage the cancer that the body would win, and would absorb the growth. This is what happens in successful cases of radium treatment. Occasionally a tumour will disappear spontaneously; in such cases, too, the cancer has perhaps been damaged in some way; but it may be that the cancer has not been damaged at all, but that the body has been stimulated; for a raising of the level of the body-tissues' activities would alter the balance in exactly the same way, so far as result is concerned, as would a depression of the activities of the cancer.

Once more, the bodily fact has a mental counterpart. Obsessions, complexes and fixed ideas, whatever their origin, are always parts of the mental structure which have emancipated themselves from the proper harmony of the mind, and established themselves as dominant. They draw into themselves an undue portion of the nervous energy, and starve the other parts of the mind, finally causing a complete upset of the mental organization and total inability to carry on its normal work.

Harmony of the parts in subordination to the needs of the whole is one of the conditions of existence for higher types of life. Cancerous growths and mental obsessions show what terrible results can follow when a part becomes insubordinate.

Now at last we are free to return and consider the problem of old age and the prolongation of life. All single-celled organisms, which typically reproduce by dividing into two equal halves, have, as we have seen, in a sense no death—no inevitable death, that is to say, of their substance. Unless accident overtakes it, the substance of one indivi-

dual is simply turned into the substance of two fresh individuals. There is a constant stream of living substance which moulds itself into a succession of individuals, and when we speak of the period of life, all we mean is the period of time for which one of these characteristic moulds or individuals lasts. The form perishes, but the substance need never die.

In the minute and simple bacteria, with their large surface in proportion to bulk, this period is very short, and division may even take place once every half-hour. There being 48 half-hours in the day, this means that, given abundant food, 2^{47} bacteria could be produced from one original parent in the 24 hours—a number which, if I were to expand it, would be, equally with the distances dealt with by astronomy, beyond ordinary comprehension.

In larger single-celled organisms, such as Paramecium, which feeds on bacteria, division will take place two or three times a day. When we reach the multicellular organisms, we find the rule to be that a part of the tissues is inevitably doomed to death, reproduction here being the property of only one kind of tissue, the reproductive or germ-cells, and no longer possible after the lapse of a certain period of time. But even this is not universally true. In all higher plants, for instance, there exists a special tissue, the so-called cambium, which remains perennially young, and is always engaged in forming new layers of bark and of wood in the old parts; further, it has the power of forming new buds from which new shoots grow out. Some plants, like the banana, appear to have altogether lost the power of reproducing sexually, by seed, and must be propagated entirely by slips and cuttings. Here there is a compromise. If we choose, we can save any particular part of an old plant from death by taking it for a cutting; but the part we leave behind will eventually die. Again, in the famous baobab tree, the Indian fig, new stems are continually formed by down-growths from the branches. These root in the ground, themselves form new branches, and these in their turn new stems. By this means a grove of trees is formed which is in reality but one compound tree—a gigantic colonial vegetable. When properly protected from goats and other browsing animals, such a grove continues growing outwards in a circle, like

a fairy-ring of toadstools. One in the Calcutta Botanical Gardens had some years ago reached the size of 11 acres, and was still growing. In the centre of the grove, however, the old stems begin to decay, and finally rot away. So that, although the grove, as a grove, has the power of apparently unlimited growth, parts of it become old and die.

Here we see illustrated the very important fact that the accumulation of old tissue may of itself lead to death. In the baobab, as indeed in trees generally, this seems to be due to accidents—to lightning, to the holes of wood-boring insects, to cracks caused by strains, and so forth. Any one kind of defect opens the door to another, and so with time the agents of death are summed, not arithmetically, but geometrically. Through an insect burrow, for instance, fungi, the agents of decay, find entry, and the whole region becomes affected and dies. If we could preserve the tree from all such accidents, there is no reason to suppose that it need ever die from internal causes, until, it might be, the weight of its crown became too great for its trunk to support. The five thousand years of the giant sequoias show us how long this particular contingency may be delayed.

These examples will have prepared us to find that in animals our preconceived ideas will perhaps not turn out after all to be right.

Let us first turn to the results of a new and adventurous field of research, that known as tissue-culture. Less than twenty years ago, the American worker Harrison discovered that it was possible to take a small portion of a growing chick embryo out of the egg, and to cultivate it in a drop of nutritive liquid, such as the fluid of the blood. All the operations had of course to be carried out with the utmost care to prevent infection—with the same precautions of sterilisation, in fact, as are taken for any human operation.

Later Carrel, the surgeon, to whom a Nobel Prize was afterwards awarded, took up the problem, and, by developing the technique, obtained new results. After a few days a piece of tissue in a drop of culture-fluid will cease to grow. It has exhausted the available food supplies. This was got over by the method of transplantation, the tissue being cut into pieces, washed, and transferred to new fluid. Later, the interesting discovery was made that the addition to the culture-fluid of a certain quantity of "embryonic

extract," that is to say, of fluid obtained from the tissues of chick embryos, had the most marked effect upon the health and especially on the growth of the strain of tissue.

In this way it has been found possible to continue growing the cells of a single original piece of tissue (from a chick), not merely for weeks or months, but for years. When progress was last reported the period was seven years; and the experiment was still being continued.

The cells of the tissue show no sign of ageing, and their rate of multiplication continues unchecked long after the same tissue in a living animal would have sobered down to slow reproduction or to no reproduction at all. From the evidence now at hand, it would seem that tissues cultivated thus outside the body are probably immortal—or, if you prefer a less high-sounding epithet, that even in the tissues of a higher animal, continued existence and growth need not involve limitation of growth, senescence, or death. In other words, the growth-limitation, senescence, and death of tissues which do take place in the higher animals are due somehow to the way the parts are related together in the organism, not to anything in the parts themselves. This leads us back once more to the idea of a balance—either a balance between the different parts, or a balance between the different types of chemical processes in one or more of the parts.

As so often, knowledge of the lower forms helps us to analyse the higher. The continued reproduction of a protozoon or single-celled animal by division is in all essentials similar to the reproduction of the original cell of the body, the fertilised ovum, to form the millions or billions of cells which make up the adult, save that the protozoan cells separate from each other.

Now in a great number of such protozoa there occurs at intervals an interesting process we know as conjugation. It is the forerunner of sexual reproduction, for at conjugation two cells come together and exchange portions of their substance. It has been maintained that the life of a species of protozoon is divisible into a series of cycles, each terminating with conjugation. Each, therefore, would resemble the cycle of cell-reproduction seen in the growth and ageing of the body of one of the higher animals, except that in a higher animal the cells stay bound together, in the

protozoon they remain separate. On this view, death of the whole race of the protozoon is inevitable unless sooner or later conjugation takes place. Somehow or other this is supposed to have a rejuvenating effect.

In the last few years, however, various American workers have shown that by a properly balanced diet, strains of protozoa can be kept for years, instead of for a few months as was previously supposed, without conjugation, and the presumption is getting stronger and stronger that it *need* never occur at all.

It would seem as if in the course of generations, the vital processes of the cells often become, in some way or other, unbalanced, and that this condition will lead to the dying-out of the race unless it can be corrected by that mingling of one cell with another which occurs at conjugation; this is exactly paralleled by the ability of mice or rats to live well for a certain time on certain single proteins, but to end by a sudden decline and death long before the usual period. But by careful regulation, the strain of protozoa can be prevented from getting unbalanced; and in this state the cells appear to have an unlimited power of reproduction, the strain of living matter to have an unlimited potential existence. The dying-out of a strain of protozoa is due to the upsetting of a balance.

Progressive change leading inevitably to old age by alteration of this inner balance is seen over and over again in animals. Among the simpler multicellular forms it has been studied most thoroughly in the Planarian flatworms by Professor Child, of Chicago. Planarians are common inhabitants of ponds and streams, curious thin and leaf-like organisms which glide slowly along the stones and water-weeds, feeding for the most part on dead animal matter, faintly sensitive to light, with a very simple and lowly type of nervous system and general organisation. Many of these can reproduce, like protozoa, by fission, so that here, too, so long as fission continues, the substance is potentially immortal, and it is but the form that dies. But Child has shown that even the form, the single individual, need not age and die. It one of these animals is kept without food, it does not simply lose weight, lose power and health, and rapidly die, like a starving dog or man, but is able, owing to its very simplicity of organisa-

tion, to live upon itself. A starved flatworm gets smaller and smaller, but remains perfectly healthy and active until it becomes extremely minute, only dying when it has gone back to about the size at which it hatched from the egg. If fed at any time while still active, it will once more start normal growth.

Some twenty years ago it had been noticed that such starved and miniature worms reassume the shape and proportions of really young individuals. More recently Child has shown that they resemble them, too, in their behaviour and the greater activity of their chemical processes. In a word, they are not only small, they not only look young—but, in the only sense in which we can attach a real meaning to the word, they *are* young once again. "Can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" asked Nicodemus; here is a fact almost as startling.

Following this up, Child divided a batch of worms into two lots. One he kept in normal conditions, with abundant food. For the other he fixed in his mind definite limits of size. When they reached the upper limit, he let them starve; when they fell to the lower limit, he fed them again, and so on. During the time the experiment was continued, this second lot was successfully kept within these limits. The individuals never divided, never showed signs of ageing, and by all the tests that could be thought of, were in the same general condition at the end as at the beginning. The other lot meanwhile passed through eighteen generations, a period which, if translated into human terms, would represent over five centuries.

To the question which we posed at an earlier stage, the question whether age is only a question of external time, or is determined by inner factors, by the way the animal is and has been working, we may now, I think, give a definite answer. Real age is determined internally. We measure it by the lapse of years, for convenience; but the only true old age is physiological. Many men and women of seventy are really younger, in the right and proper meaning of the word, than many men and women of sixty.

Unfortunately, however, these experiments, important as they are, do not show us directly how to prolong human life. The *elixir vitæ* was sought by alchemists throughout the Middle Ages. It does now definitely seem to have

been found—but alas! only for flatworms (with an *ersalz*-imitation, as we saw before, for fruit flies)! In one case it is intermittent starvation; in the other, low temperature. But neither intermittent starvation nor cold will prolong human life. We are so constructed that we cannot live upon our own tissues, nor can our temperature be altered. It may be some consolation to remember that it is just because our brain is so complex, our mental activity so intense, that we cannot submit to starvation; also that if by any chance our temperature could be reduced, all our activities and all our motions, of pleasure and delight as well as of pain and discomfort—all, in fact, that gives life its value—would be so reduced in intensity that we could scarcely recognise them.

No—we must accept the fact that our level of existence, so high above that of the simpler animals, is only possible in a delicately balanced system, and that if we tilt the balance comparatively slightly, the only existence that counts—one of physical and mental activity—is no longer possible to us. Our chief aim must be to preserve and to extend this state of balance that we call healthy maturity.

It will be recalled that adding tethelin from the pituitary body to the diet extended the life of mice. It is probable that this was due to a change of the balance. The tissues of the body can be broadly divided into the cellular tissues, which are those doing active work—glands, nerves, muscles, blood—and the supporting tissues, which make a framework for the rest of the body—bone, cartilage, and the connective tissue that binds all the others together. The supporting tissues are in a sense parasitic on the rest—they are passive, the others active. In old age, the connective tissues always accumulate; there is a greater proportion of them in the old than in the young. It looks as if the processes of life gradually slow down, and that as they slow down, it is easier for supporting tissue to be formed. To use once more our simile of a river, as the current slows, the sediment it carries with it will no longer help erode and deepen the channel, but will be deposited, and the channel will begin to silt up; and yet these two opposite tendencies, of erosion and silting-up, will be due only to a difference in the rate of the current. The effect of tethelin seems undoubtedly to be to stimulate the growth of the cellular

tissues; they thus get an advantage in the internal competition of the parts of the body, and so the final preponderance of the supporting tissues—which means an ever-increasing burden on the active cellular parts—is postponed. It may be mentioned that two of the biological authorities on senility, Minot and Child, agree broadly with this view. Minot sees the cause of old age in differentiation, which leads to accumulation of structure, and Child in slowing of metabolism, which he believes to be behind differentiation and structure-accumulation.

(To be continued.)

The Ballet Girl

By A. E. Coppard

On the last night of Hilary term Simpkins left his father's shop a quarter before the closing hour in order to deliver personally a letter to John Evans-Antrobus, Esq., of St. Saviour's College. Simpkins was a clerk to his father, and the letter he carried was inscribed on its envelope as "Important," and a further direction, "Wait Answer," was doubly underlined. Acting as he was told to act by his father, than whom he was incapable of recognising any higher authority either in this world or, if such a slight, shrinking fellow could ever project his comprehension so far, in the next, he passed the porter's lodge under the archway of St. Saviour's, and crossing the first quadrangle, entered a small hall that bore the names J. Evans-Antrobus with half a dozen others neatly painted on the wall. He climbed two flights of wooden stairs, and, knocking at a door over whose lintel was marked "5. Evans-Antrobus," was invited to "Come in." He entered a study, and confronted three hilarious young men, all clothed immaculately in evening dress, a costume he himself privily admired much as a derelict might envy the harp of an angel. The noisiest young gentleman, the tall one with a monocle, was his quarry; he handed the letter to him. Mr. Evans-Antrobus then read the letter, which invited him to pay instanter a four-year-old debt of some nine or ten pounds which he had inexplicably but consistently overlooked. And there was a half-hidden but unpleasant alternative suggested should Mr. Evans-Antrobus fail to comply with this not unreasonable request. Mr. Evans-Antrobus said "Damn!" In point of fact he enlarged the scope of his vocabulary far beyond the limits of that modest expletive, while his two friends, being invited to read the missive, also exclaimed in terms that were not at all subsidiary.

"My compliments to Messrs. Bagshot and Buffle!"

exclaimed the tall young man with the monocle very angrily; "I shall certainly call round and see them in the morning. Good evening!"

Little Simpkins explained that Bagshot and Buffle were not in need of compliments, their business being to sell boots and to receive payment for them. Two of the jolly young gentlemen then proposed to throw him down the stairs, and were only persuaded not to by the third jolly young gentleman, who much preferred to throw him out of the window. Whereupon Simpkins politely hinted that he would be compelled to interview the college dean and await developments in his chambers. Simpkins made it quite clear that, whatever happened, he was going to wait somewhere until he got the money. The three jolly young gentlemen then told little Simpkins exactly what they thought of him, exactly, omitting no shade of denunciation, fine or emphatic. They told him where he ought to be at that very moment, where he would quickly be unless he took himself off; in short, they told him a lot of prophetic things which, as is the way of prophecy, invited a climax of catastrophic horror.

"What is your name? Who the devil are you?"

"My name is Simpkins, if you want to know."

Then the three jolly young men took counsel together in whispers, and at last Mr. Evans-Antrobus said: "Well, if you insist upon waiting, Mr. Simpkins, I must get the money for you. I can borrow it, I suppose, boys, from Fazz, can't I?"

"Oh, yes, Fazz!" they both cried; "Fazz! Old Fazz!"

Again they consulted in whispers, after which two of the young gents said they ought to be going, and so they went.

"Wait here for me," said Mr. Evans-Antrobus, "I shall not be five minutes."

But Mr. Simpkins was so firmly opposed to this course that the other relented. "Damn you! come along with me, then; I must go and see Fazz." So off they went to some rooms higher up the same flight of stairs, beyond a door that was marked "F. A. Zealander." When they entered Fazz sat moping in front of the fire; he was wrapped as deeply as an Esquimaux in some plaid travelling rugs girt with the pink rope of a dressing gown

that lay across his knees. The fire was good, but the hearth was full of ashes. The end of the fender was ornamented with the strange little iron face of a man whose eyes were shut but whose nobby cheeks fondly glowed. Fazz's eyes were not shut, they were covered by dim glasses, and his cheeks had no more glow than a sponge.

"Hullo, Fazz, you better to-day?"

"No, dearie, I am not conscious of any improvement. This influenza's a thug; I am being deprived of my vitality as completely as a fried rasher."

"Oh, by-the-bye," said his friend, "you don't know each other: Mr. Simpkins Mr. Zealander."

The former bowed awkwardly and unexpectedly shook Mr. Zealander's hot, limp hand. At that moment a man hurried in exclaiming: "Mr. Evans-Antrobus, sir, the Dean wants to see you in his rooms at once, sir!"

"That is deuced awkward," said that gentleman blandly. "Just excuse me for a moment or two, Fazz."

He hurried out, leaving Simpkins confronting Mr. Zealander in some confusion. Fazz poked his flaming coal. "This fire! Did you ever see such a morbid conflagration?"

"Rather nice, I thought," replied Simpkins affably; "quite cool to-night, outside, rather."

The host peered at him through those dim glasses. "There's a foggy humidity about everything, like the inside of a cream tart. But sit down," said Fazz, with the geniality of a man who was about to be hung and was rather glad that he was no longer to be exposed to the fraudulent excess of life, "and tell me a bawdy story."

Simpkins sank into an armchair and was silent.

"Perhaps you don't care for bawdy stories?" continued Fazz. "I do, I do. I love vulgarity; there is certainly a niche in life for vulgarity. If ever I possess a house of my own I will arrange—I will, upon my soul—one augustly vulgar room, divinely vulgar, upholstered in sallow pigskin. Do tell me something. You haven't got a spanner on you, I suppose? There is something the matter with my bed. Once it was full of goose feathers, but now I sleep, as it were, on the bulge of a barrel; I must do something to it with a spanner. I hate spanners—such dreadful democratic tools; they terrify me, they gape at you as if they

wanted to bite you. Spanners are made of iron, and this is a funny world, for it is full of things like spanners."

Simpkins timidly rose up through the waves of this discourse and asked if he could "do" anything. He was mystified, amused, and impressed by this person; he didn't often meet people like that, he didn't often meet anybody; he rather liked him. On each side of the invalid there were tables littered with cups and plates and bottles of medicine.

"I am just going to take my temperature," said Fazz. "Do have a cigarette, dearie, or a cigar. Can you see the matches? Yes; now do you mind surrounding me with my medicines? They give such a hopeful air to the occasion. There's a phial of sodium salicylate tabloids, I must take six of them in a minute or two. Then there are the quinine capsules; the formalin, yes; those lozenges I suck—have one?—they are so comforting, and that depressing laxative, surround me with them. Oh, glorious, benignant, isn't it? Now I shall take my temperature; I shall be as stolid as the sphinx for three minutes, so do tell me that story. Where is my thermometer, oh!" He popped the thermometer into his mouth, but pulled it out again. "Do you know L. G.? He's a blithe little fellow, oh, very blithe. He was in Jacobsen's rooms the other day—Jacobsen's a bit of an art connoisseur, you know, and draws and paints—and Jacobsen drew attention to the portrait of a lady that was hanging on the wall. 'Oh, dear,' said L. G., 'what a hag! Where did you get that thing?' just like that. Such a perfect fool, L. G. 'It's my mother,' says Jacobsen. 'Oh, of course,' explained L. G., 'I didn't mean *that*, of course, my dear fellow; I referred to the horrible treatment, entirely to the horrible treatment; it is a wretched daub.' 'I did it myself!' said Jacobsen. You don't know L. G.? Oh, he is very blithe. What were you going to tell me? I am just going to take my temperature; yesterday it was ninety odd point something. I do hope it is different now. I can't bear those points, they seem so equivocal."

Fazz sat with the tube of the thermometer projecting from his mouth. At the end of the test he regarded it very earnestly before returning it disconsolately to the table. Then he addressed his visitor with considerable gloom.

"Pardon me, I did not catch your name."

"Simpkins."

"Simpkins!" repeated Fazz, with a dubious drawl. "Oh, I'm sorry, I don't like Simpkins, it sounds so minuscular. What are you taking?"

"I won't take anything, sir, thank you," replied Simpkins.

"I mean, what schools are you taking?"

"Oh, no school at all."

Fazz was mystified: "What college are you?"

"I'm not at a college," confessed the other, "I came to see Mr. Evans-Antrobus with a note. I'm waiting for an answer."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Bagshot and Buffle's." After a silence he added: "Bespoke boots."

"Hump, you are very young to make bespoke boots, aren't you, Simpkins, surely? Are you an Agnostic? Have a cigar? You must, you've been very good, and I am so interested in your career; but tell me now what it exactly is that you are sitting in my room for."

Simpkins told him all he could.

"It's interesting, most fascinating," declared Fazz, "but it is a little beyond me all the same. I am afraid, Simpkins, that you have been deposited with me as if I were a bank and you were something not negotiable, as you really are, I fear. But you mustn't tell the Dean about Evans-Antrobus, no, you mustn't, it's never done. Tell me, why do you make bespoke boots? Its an unusual taste to display. Wouldn't you rather come to college, for instance, and study . . er . . anthropology—nothing at all about boots in anthropology?"

"No," said Simpkins. He shuffled in his chair and felt uneasy. "I'd be out of my depth." Fazz glared at him, and Simpkins repeated: "Out of my depth, that would be, sure."

"This is very shameful," commented the other, "but it's interesting, most fascinating. You brazenly maintain that you would rather study boots than . . . than books and brains!"

"A cobbler must stick to his last," replied Simpkins, recalling a phrase of his father's.

"Bravo!" cried Fazz, "but not to an everlasting last!"

"And I don't know anything about all this; there's

nothing about it I'd want to know, it wouldn't be any good to me. It's no use mixing things, and there's a lot to be learnt about boots—you'd be surprised. You got to keep yourself to yourself and not get out of your depth—take a steady line and stick to it, and not get out of your depth."

"But, dearie, you don't sleep with a lifebelt girt about your loins, do you, now? I'm not out of my depth; I shouldn't be even if I started to make boots . . ."

"Oh, wouldn't you!" shouted Simpkins.

"I should find it rather a shallow occupation; mere business is the very devil of a business; business would be a funny sort of life."

"Life's a funny business; you look after your business and that will look after you."

"But what in the world are we in the world at all for, Simpkins? Isn't it surely to do just the things we most intensely want to do? And you do boots and boots and boots. Don't you ever go out and about?—theatres—girls—sport—or do you insist on boot, the whole boot, and nothing but boot?"

"No, none of them," replied Simpkins. "Don't care for theatres, I've never been. Don't care for girls, I like a quiet life. I keep myself to myself—it's safer, don't get out of your depth then. I do go and have a look at the football match sometimes, but it's only because we make the boots for some of your crack players, and you want to know what you are making them for. Work doesn't trouble me, nothing troubles me, and I got money in the bank."

"Damme, Simpkins, you have a terrible conviction about you; if I listen to you much longer I shall bind myself apprentice to you. I feel sure that you make nice, soft, watertight, everlasting boots, and that we should rise in the profession together. Discourse, Simpkins; you enchant mine ears—both of them."

"What I say is," concluded Simpkins, "you can't understand everything. I shouldn't want to; I'm all right as it is."

"Of course you are, you're simply too true. This is a place flowing with afternoon tea, tutors, and clap-trap. It's a city in which everything is set upon a Bill. You're simply too true; if we are not out of our depth we are in up to our ears—I am. It's most fascinating."

Soon afterwards Simpkins left him. Descending the stairs to the rooms of Evans-Antrobus he switched on the light. It was very quiet and snug in those rooms, with the soft, elegant couch, the reading-lamp with a delicious violet shade, the decanter with whiskey, the box of chocolate biscuits, and the gramophone. He sat down by the fire, waiting and waiting. Simpkins waited so long that he got used to the room, he even stole a sip of whiskey and some of the chocolate biscuits. Then to show his independence, his contempt for Mr. Evans-Antrobus and his trickery, he took still more of the whiskey—a drink he had never tasted before—he really took quite a lot. He heaped coal upon the fire, and stalked about the room with his hands in his pockets or examined the books, most of which were about something called Jurisprudence, and such-like. Simpkins liked books; he began reading:

"That the Pleuronectidæ are admirably adapted by their flattened and asymmetrical structure for their habits of life, is manifest from several species, such as soles and flounders, etc., being extremely common."

He did not care much for science; he opened another:

"It is difficult indeed to imagine that anything can oscillate so rapidly as to strike the retina of the eye 831,479,000,000,000 in one second, as must be the case with violet light according to this hypothesis."

Simpkins looked at the light and blinked his eyes. That had a violet shade. He really did not care for science, and he had an inclination to put the book down as his head seemed to be swaying, but he continued to turn the pages.

"Snowdon is the highest mountain in England or Wales.
Snowdon is not so high as Ben Nevis.
Therefore the highest mountain in England or Wales is not so high as Ben Nevis."

"Oh, my head!" mumbled Simpkins.

"Water must be either warm or not warm, but it does not follow that it must be warm or cold."

Simpkins felt giddy. He dropped the book, and tottered to the couch. Immediately the room spun round and something in his head began to hum, to roar like an aeroplane a long way up in the sky. He felt that he ought to get out of the room, quickly, and get some water, either

not or cold warm—he didn't mind which! He clapped on his hat and, slipping into his overcoat, he reached a door. It opened into a bedroom, very bare indeed compared to this other room, but Simpkins rolled in; the door slammed behind him, and in the darkness he fell upon a bed, with queer sensations that seemed to be dividing and subtracting in him.

When he awoke later—oh, it seemed much later—he felt quite well again. He had forgotten where he was. It was a strange place he was in, utterly dark; but there was a great noise sounding quite close to him—a gramophone, people shouting choruses and dancing about in the adjoining room. He could hear a lady's voice, too. Then he remembered that he ought not to be in that room at all; it was, why, yes, it was criminal; he might be taken for a burglar or something! He slid from the bed, groped in the darkness until he found his hat, unbuttoned his coat, for he was fearfully hot, and stood at the bedroom door trembling in the darkness, waiting and listening to that tremendous row. He *had* been a fool to come in there! How was he to get out—how the deuce was he to get out? The gramophone stopped. He could hear the voices more plainly. He grew silently panic-stricken; it was awful, they'd be coming in to him perhaps, and find him sneaking there like a thief—he must get out, he must, he must get out; yes, but how?

The singing began again. The men kept calling out "Lulu! Lulu!" and the lady's gay voice would reply to a Charley or a George, and so on, when all at once there came a peremptory knock at the outer door. The noise within stopped immediately. Deep silence. Simpkins could hear whispering. The people in there were startled; he could almost feel them staring at each other with uneasiness. The lady laughed out startlingly shrill. "Sh . . s . . s . . Sh!" the others cried. The loud knocking began again, emphatic, terrible. Simpkins' already quaking heart began to beat ecstatically. Why, oh why, didn't they open that door?—open it! open it! There was shuffling in the room, and when the knocking was repeated for the third time, the outer door was apparently unlocked.

"Fazz! Oh, Fazz, you brute!" cried the relieved

voices in the room. "You fool, Fazz! come in, damn you, and shut the door."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the apparently deliberating Fazz, "what is that?"

"Hullo, Roy Roy!" cried the lady, "it's me."

"Charmed to meet you, madame. How interesting, most fascinating; yes, I am quite charmed, but I wish somebody would kindly give me the loose end of it all. I'm suffering, as you see, dearies, and I don't understand all this, I'm quite out of my depth. The noise you've been making is just crushing me."

Several voices began to explain at once: "We captured her, Fazz, yes—Rape of the Sabines, what!—from the Vaudeville. Had a rag, glorious—corralled all the attendants and scene-shifters—rushed the stage—we did! we did!—everybody chased somebody, and we chased Lulu—we did! we did!"

"Oh, shut up, everybody!" cried out Fazz.

"Yes, listen," said the voice of Evans-Antrobus. "This is how it happened: they chased the eight Sisters Victoria off the stage, and we spied dear little Lulu—she was one of those eight Victorias—bolting down a passage to the stage entrance. She fled into the street just as she was, as she is now—isn't she a duck! There was a taxi standing there, and Lulu, wise woman, jumped in—and we jumped in too. ('We did! We did!') 'Where for?' says taximan. 'Saviour's College,' say we, and here you are—Lulu—what do you think of her?"

"Charming, utterly charming," replied Fazz. "The details are most clarifying; but how did you manage to usher her into the college?"

"My overcoat on," explained one voice.

"And my hat," cried another.

"And we dazzled the porter," said a third. There were lots of other jolly things to explain: Lulu had not resisted at all, she had enjoyed it; it was a lark!

"Oh, beautiful! Most fascinating!" agreed Fazz. "But how you propose to get her out of the college I have no more notion than Satan has of sanctity—it's rather late, isn't it?"

Simpkins, in his dark room, could hear someone rushing up the stairs with flying leaps that ceased at the outer

door. Then a breathless voice hissed out: "You fellows, scat, scat! Police are in the lodge with the proctors and that taximan!"

In a moment Evans-Antrobus began to groan. "Oh, my God, what can we do with her? We must get her out at once—over the wall, eh, at once, quick! Johnstone, quick, go and find a rope, quick, a rope."

And Fazz said: "It does begin to look a little foolish. Oh, I am feeling so damn bad—but you can't blame a fool for anything it does, can you? But I am bad; I am going to bed instantly, I feel quite out of my depth here. Oh, that young friend of yours, that Simpkins: charming young person! Very blithe he was, dear Evans-Antrobus!"

Everybody now seemed to rush away from the room except the girl Lulu and Evans-Antrobus. He was evidently very agitated and in a bad humour. He clumped about the room exclaiming, "Oh, damnation, do hurry up, somebody. What am I to do with her, boozy little pig! Do hurry up!"

"Who's a pig? I want to go out of here," shrilled Lulu, and apparently she made for the door.

"You can't go like that!" he cried; "you can't, you mustn't. Don't be a fool, Lulu! Lulu! Now, isn't this a fearful mess?"

"I'm not going to stop here with you, ugly thing! I don't like it; I'm going now, let go."

"But you can't go, I tell you, in these things, not like that. Let me think, let me think, can't you! Why don't you let me think, you little fool! Put something on you, my overcoat; cover yourself up. I shall be ruined, damn you! Why the devil did you come here, you . . . !"

"And who brought me here, Mr. Antibus? Oh, yes, I know you; I shall have something to say to the vicar, or whoever it is you're afraid of, baby-face! Let me go; I don't want to be left here alone with you!" she yelled. Simpkins heard an awful scuffle. He could wait no longer; he flung open the door, rushed into the room, and caught up a syphon, the first handy weapon. They saw him at once, and stood apart amazed.

"Fine game!" said the trembling Simpkins to the man, with all the sternness at his command. As nobody spoke, he repeated, quite contemptuously: "Fine game!"

Lulu was breathing hard with her hands resting upon her bosom. Her appearance was so startling to the boy that he nearly dropped the syphon. He continued to face her, hugging it with both hands against his body. She was clad in pink tights—they were of silk, they glistened in the sharper light from under the violet shade—a soft white tarlatan skirt that spread around her like a carnation, and a rose-coloured bodice. She was dainty, with a little round head and a little round face like a briar rose; but he guessed she was strong, though her beauty had apparently all the fragility of a flower. Her hair, of dull dark gold, hung in loose tidiness without pin or braid, the locks cut short to her neck, where they curved in to brush the white skin; a deep, straight fringe of it was combed upon the childish brow. Grey were her surprised eyes, and wide the pouting lips. Her lovely naked arms—oh, he could scarcely bear to look at them. She stood now, with one hand upon her hip and the other lying against her cheek, staring at Simpkins. Then she danced delightfully up to him and took the syphon away.

"Look here," said Evans-Antrobus to Lulu—he had recovered his nerve, and did not express any astonishment at Simpkins' sudden appearance—"he is just your size, you dress up in his clothes, quick, then it's simple."

"No," said the girl.

"And no for me," said Simpkins fiercely—almost.

Just then the door was thrust partly open, and a rope was flung into the room. The bringer of it darted away downstairs again.

"Hi! here!" called Evans-Antrobus, rushing to the door; but nobody stayed for him, nobody answered him. He came back and picked up the rope.

"Put on that coat," he commanded Lulu, "and that hat. Now, look here, not a word, not a giggle even, or we are done, and I might just as well screw your blessed neck!"

"Would you!" snorted Simpkins, with not a little animosity.

"Yes, would you!" chimed Lulu, but nevertheless she obeyed and followed him down the stairs. When she turned and beckoned, Simpkins followed too. They crossed a dark quadrangle, passed down a passage that was utter darkness, through another quad, another passage, and

halted in a gloomy yard behind the chapel, where Evans-Antrobus struck a match, and where empty boxes, bottles, and other rubbish had accumulated under a wall about ten feet high.

"You first, and quiet, quiet," growled Evans-Antrobus to Simpkins. No one spoke again. Night was thickly dark, the stars were dim, the air moist and chill. Simpkins, assisted by the other man, clambered over rickety boxes and straddled the high, thick wall. The rope was hung over, too, and when the big man had jumped to earth again, dragging his weight against it, Simpkins slid down on the other side. He was now in a narrow street, with a dim lamp at one end that cast no gleam to the spot where he had descended. There were dark, high-browed buildings looming high around him. He stood holding the end of the rope and looking up at the stars, very faint they were. The wall was much higher on this side, looked like a mountain, and he thought of Ben Nevis again. This was out of your depth, if you like, out of your depth entirely. It was all wrong somehow, or, at any rate, it was not all right; it couldn't be right. Never again would he mess about with a lot of lunatics. He hadn't done any good, he hadn't even got the money—he had forgotten it. He had not got anything at all except a headache.

The rope tightened. Lulu was astride the wall, quarrelling with the man on the other side:

"Keep your rotten coat!" She slipped it off, and flung it down from the wall. "And your rotten hat, too, spider-face!" She flung that down from the wall, and spat into the darkness. Turning to the other side, she whispered: "I'm coming," and scrambled down, sliding into Simpkins' arms. And somehow he stood holding her so, embracing her quite tightly. She was all softness and perfume, he could not let her go; she had scarcely anything on—he would not let her go. It was marvellous and beautiful to him; the glimmer of her white face was mysterious and tender in the darkness. She put her arms around his neck:

"Oh . . . I rather love you," she said.

Impersonality

By Robert Briffault

POSSIBLY mankind may some day make the discovery that the theory of life upon which it has hitherto proceeded is outrageously erroneous.

That every human being entertains a theory of life, though it may be news to most, as to M. Jourdain that he was prosing, is nevertheless a consequence of man's constitution, which casts his feelings in the mould of thought. Despite all unconcern, repudiation, scorn of thought, and imbecility, a perfectly definite theory of life is contemplated in each of his purposes, desires, and attitudes by every man, be he the veriest helot or the merest political dictator. And what is more remarkable, the theory hitherto unquestioningly accepted by men of the most diverse sorts and conditions and of the most opposite views, is substantially the same. Over that theory, ignorant and learned, materialist and mystic, atheist and bishop, can shake hands. Their mental divergencies are, properly considered, superficial and unimportant by comparison with their essential agreement.

The theory assumed by universal consent is that we are "individuals" or "persons" actuated by individual interests, that is to say, by forces having for their end the advantage, welfare, and aggrandisement of the individual which they actuate. Life accordingly presents itself as a balance of individual interests. Every intent must, on that view, be evaluated in terms of profit and loss to the individual, and commends itself in respect of his advancement, preservation as an individual, that is, as a competitor for individual interests.

As a counterpoise and alternative to the cut-throat and devil-take-the-hindmost constitution of human society which such a view inculcates, it is proposed that the individual should "sacrifice himself" for the good of others.

The unintelligible incongruity of the latter proposal, the

dismal failure of which is so pitifully lamented, is no less gross than the inaccuracy of the premiss which it assumes, and from which it derives.

That premiss rests upon a complete misunderstanding of the elements of psychology, a branch of enquiry which until fifty years ago was altogether out of the question, which is only at the present day beginning to be possible, and which is still much trammelled by the philosophical conceptions of our ancestors in the Stone Age. Professorial psychology shared without a qualm the naive popular delusion that our acts are determined by "purposes," and that the causes of our conduct are discoverable in the thoughts and ideas which occupy our minds. It failed to perceive that all purposes, which resolve themselves into wholly unaccountable "ultimate purposes," and all thoughts which are but instruments of those purposes, and can exercise no more than a selective control, are not at all the motive power of our behaviour, but only means by which effect is given to the impulses that move us, and that are directed no human soul knows whither. It also saw no puerility in ascribing action to a desire for pleasure and a dislike for pain, quite unobservant of the fact that "pleasure" and "pain" are only names for the satisfaction and dissatisfaction of the various dispositions and impulses which actuate us.

Those impulses which are the actual causes of our conduct and, properly speaking, constitute our being, are not at all invariably, or even mainly, directed towards promoting the welfare and good of the "individual," his "interests." They quite commonly drive him to destruction and death, they are constantly radically opposed to his individual interests; and they are then most urgent and resistless when utterly setting aside and ignoring those interests.

The existence of the individual is guarded by impulses and instincts of self-preservation and acquisitiveness without which it would be impossible. By the operation of those individual-maintaining impulses he bends to the pressure of economic conditions, adapts himself. He does so unwillingly; he does so under protest from his whole being; that is to say, the impulses which constitute his being and actuate him, are directed quite elsewhere than towards

the preservation of his existence and his welfare. Self-preservation does not interest him. To earn his bread is an utterly distasteful necessity; he submits to it, but does not live by that bread alone.

As soon as he has got his bread, as soon as the economic pressure is released, the individual acts quite differently; he does what he likes. What he likes has no reference whatever to the preservation of the individual, is very generally detrimental to that preservation. The economically released impulses of the individual seek romantic excitement and imaginative adventure, even though it be no better than is supplied by naïve literature or the cinema. He disports himself in fancies quite irrelevant to his self-preservation, becomes generous, heroic. Or he falls in love to the utter detriment of his individual interests. Or he may become interested in politics, in poetry, or even in knowledge—things which are Hecuba to him as a individual. He may even go to church and indulge in the fancy that he is moral.

Not uncommonly his impulses will burst outright through all self-preserving instincts and cautions whatsoever. He will starve, defy economic pressure to do its damnedest, lay down his life for an idea. And in so doing he glories; he rushes exultant to destruction, walks proudly to the scaffold and feels that he is then truly doing what he likes, that the impulses which actuate him have for once their full play and freedom.

Such, when free to act untrammelled, are the tendencies of those impulses which move the individual. Only under the action of attack, peril, and economic pressure are they forcibly curbed, and instincts which have regard to the protection of the individual existence and its "interests" are developed. The continued operation of that pressure results in a condition of *fear*, a disease, as physiological science teaches us, akin to paralysis; and while it gives rise to the morbid growth of self-preservation, rapacity, and "will to power," it prevents the free action of the impulses of life, reduces them to impotence, so that no form of their satisfaction is possible. The paralysed individual sinks to the crudest, most rudimentary, and stupidest modes of gratification, so that his bestiality and vulgarity become nauseous.

The Theory of Individuality consists in regarding the impulses which constitute the individual and actuate him as distinct and sharply separated not only from all other individuals, but from the entire universe. The individual accordingly contemplates the universe as something that may be hostile; with suspicion, on the whole, doubt, and terror, or secret indignation—considering himself to be unjustly used. Or he regards it with sentiments of cringing submission, abasement and reverence, in the endeavour to think the best of an unknown universe. In either attitude the individual regards the universe as "another individual," and therefore as a possible competitor with "interests" that may clash with his own, who may be malevolently or benevolently disposed towards "his interests"; or, worse still, may be quite indifferent.

That conception of the separateness of the individual from the universe breaks down hopelessly at every point under analysis. Metaphysically the "subject" cannot exist without the "object," and subject and object have reference only to the mechanism of knowing, which is but an accessory instrument in the operation of the impulses of life. The biologist confesses his inability to define the individual or to decide whether the components of any biological or physiological aggregate are or are not "individuals." Setting superficial aspects aside, and considering only the bedrock of ultimate essentials, the forces or impulses which make up the individual are unbroken in their continuity throughout Life, and the individual life is but a ripple in its stream. Those forces are in turn continuous with those that manifest themselves in the activities of the inorganic world, that is to say, with the universe. The satisfaction of the tendencies manifested in the universal forces is, therefore, presumably also the satisfaction of the tendencies manifested in the individual; and there can be no question of malevolence, benevolence, or indifference in the relation of identity between the two.

We do not know whither the forces of the universe move; we do not know whither the impulses that actuate us tend. The individual, the race, the social organism, are forms in which those unknown tendencies move to realisation and satisfaction. Those forms are preserved and protected in so far as they fulfil that end, and discarded

according as they are, in regard to it, irrelevant. The Life-force that actuates us is not directed towards our interests as individuals, but towards its interests; they are impersonal. Individuality, personality, are the compromises and limitations of our impersonality.

Since we are wholly ignorant of the tendency of the impulses that animate us, and consequently of the conditions of their satisfaction, we seek, under the illusion of individuality, our good in individual interests, and, of course, regard as absurd the suggestion that we should "sacrifice" them. But the Life-force, being impersonal, knows neither altruism nor egoism. It is not concerned with self-sacrifice, but with its own realisation. The satisfaction of the individual interests is not the satisfaction of the Life-force, of the impulses which alone constitute the "individual." They can only be satisfied in impersonal ends.

The fear—the "disease of the age," as it has been called—which is the incubus of our concern for the self-preservation of individual interests, is the paralysis of the Life-force. From that paralysis only the clear apprehension of our impersonality can free us.

That liberation alone can save the social organism which to-day lies palsied by the brood of panic-stricken individualism—competitive self-preservation, aggressive tribalism, commercialism, nationalism, imperialism. Salvation is possible only if eyes are scaled and thought dares.

The alternative is release of the economic pressure by mutual extermination.

England and America

By Storm Jameson

European Reconstruction

We must take it for granted that Europe will rise out of the chaos into which—over vast areas—she has fallen. Germany will be allowed to re-achieve her economic status. The loss of her colonial possessions—forcing her to develop her own production of foodstuffs and raw materials—may eventually put her in a sounder position than some of her late enemies who have temporarily benefited by the redistribution of raw material areas. Russia will again become a trading nation. Central Europe will escape from the shadow of death and the reality of anarchy.

But granted the attainment of all these things, there will yet remain an urgent need of inquiry into the position regarding foodstuffs. The wheat-producing countries of the world are few in number. Of them, only Russia, the States, Canada, the Argentine, Roumania, Australia, India and Hungary showed a pre-war exportable surplus. In a year of bad harvests a good part of the total exportable surplus is wiped out. On her pre-war scale of production, the United States will in future have a wheat surplus over her own needs only in one year out of five. Moreover, her population is growing, and its standard of life is rising. She will in time need to absorb the wheat of the Argentine.*

It becomes then urgently necessary for the Old World to look to its barns. Russia is capable of an enormous agricultural development: the break-up of the large estates has removed one of the barriers to intensive cultivation. It would be well within the powers of modern organisation to take stock of the actual production of foodstuffs and raw

* The tendency to over-industrialisation of the New World will proceed unless checked by radical methods, *i.e.*, by a removal of its cause—accumulated capital seeking investment. The U.S. are increasingly dependent upon imports of "raw" hides, skins, rubber, cattle, and lumber.

materials available for the needs of the Old World, to establish for Europe and Asia an economic H.Q. staff, with Technical Committees, to receive, collate and check the reports of crops and harvests and the demands of each nation for foodstuffs and raw materials, and a national H.Q. in each country to regulate distribution. During the last year of the war the framework of some such organisation was actually in existence, and functioning as "nothing less than an inter-continental administration ruling nearly all the merchant traffic of the seas, drawing resources from various quarters of the globe, gathering in the products and supplying the primary needs of many hundreds of millions of people belonging to the majority of nations." (Mr. Hoover on the Inter-Allied Food Council and its co-ordinated Council and Programme Committee.)

But no such organisation has much chance of formation —still less of adequate functioning—if it is not *part and parcel of a radical re-distribution of purchasing power* and administrative control. A sytem of International Trusts might establish some such Economic Bureau, but it would establish it in the interest of profits and not in the interest of needs. Left in command, the capital monopolists will proceed with the industrialisation of the world and either arrange among themselves to cut our throats in the shadowed peace of International Trusts, or induce us to cut each other's throats to secure their markets for them.

So that we come in the end always to the same place. If nothing is done, if nothing can be done, to secure for the whole community the life and death powers of credit control, all talk of Economic H.Q.'s is as if a man should talk of straws to dam Niagara.

National Reconstruction

Between the possibility of a world at the mercy of non-competitive all-embracing trusts, and the certainty—under free competition—of a world driving on war, there may not seem much to chose. Would you rather be strangled slowly or die at once?

Let us say again that a trust—on its technical side—is a perfect instrument of production. This wonderful machine is occupied to a disastrous extent in the production of

luxuries and in the undue inflation of our export trade. To bring it violently to the ground because—on its distributive side—it does not distribute the goods with decent sanity, is burning down the house to roast the pig. The fools who shout for revolution, and would not know what to do with one when they got it, have never given the world any grounds for thinking that they know a better way of roasting pigs than burning the house over them.

The world is not decently arranged. Men starve in sight of food, go ill-clad past warehouses stacked with clothes, shiver in hovels by the side of great houses. The whole efforts of those who desire a decent and ordered world should be turned to discover by what means trusts—which are the inevitable form of industrial enterprise—can be left to get on with the job of production while some other instrument is devised to control the distribution of their products. All reforms, all changes, that do not make for this end, are waste of time and effort.

The adoption in Great Britain—with all possible slowness—of an industrial policy of qualitative production has, as we have seen, much to recommend it. It will not be adopted. There are bitter years ahead of us before such a policy becomes what the old women call practical politics. For let us make no mistake about it: whatever the brave words of Britain's Big Business and its braver plans, British Labour is tired of the unlimited competition game, and does not give a damn for the joys of mass production and efficiency stunts. So that if our national existence depends on these things it depends on a fraying rope. Luckily for us, it does not depend on these things, but will the gentlemen in control of our trade policy allow us to discover that fact in time?

The English genius for administration should be encouraged in every way by the gradual decentralisation of the administration of industry, while maintaining a centralised control of its technique. *But the necessary antecedent of any industrial policy is a radical change of social policy aimed at ensuring an increasing purchasing power to the bulk of the population.* Without this there is no stability for England, and no hope to be picked out of any schemes of Joint Control of Industry, or Leagues of Nations or English Speaking Unions.

In the same way—by ensuring an adequate distribution of purchasing power—a sane social policy in the States would arrange for the increasing absorption of her products in her own huge markets. Her present progress towards a state in which her industrial production is out of proportion to her production of foodstuffs and raw materials should be checked. South America is in every way her natural complement, and will inevitably become more and more an organic part of her.

The American continent naturally functions as a whole, amply sufficient to itself—exporting only a normal surplus (after meeting every need of the home markets) in exchange for the superlative products of the Old World.

The present tendencies to instability in America are apparent not only in its over-industrialisation, though most of them can be traced back, directly or indirectly, to that basic instability. The judicial basis of the Constitution has made it a happy hunting ground for lawyers, and the paths of necessary readjustment are strewn with legal man-traps. It is remarkably easy to deport Bolshevists, to raid radicals, to confound strikers with the outworn and abused weapon of an injunction, and still remain within the law. But it is equally easy for politicians and financiers to drive coach and four through the Constitutional barriers against graft. The directing boards of every railway are inextricably entangled with the companies who supply rolling stock and plant; "wangles" of every kind are inevitable. And the same tale is true of every public utility service and many municipal enterprises in America.

The present wave of speculative madness has its counterpart in a widespread extravagance. If I dared to sum up in one word the crying weakness of the United States, that word would be indiscipline. The indiscipline of the States is everywhere apparent. They do nothing in moderation. A bull market rages a year: government and municipal graft becomes a fine art: even the virtues are practised in excess—a 100 per cent. American patriot is a fearsome thing. Traditions are used to beat the alien and radical—and flouted in high places. America has few institutions and small respect for those she has. And anarchy is nearer to a country that relies upon its big men than to the one that relies rather upon its big institutions.

The discipline that America will have to learn is not the discipline of the Old World. She has to evolve for herself a new tradition and a new restraint. She has to learn to regard her illimitable skyline and her vast wealth without falling into an auto-intoxication. If she fails to do this she will not perish. She is too great for that. But she will suffer, and in the suffering that superb self-confidence which is her most precious quality will dim a little. She will have sold her birthright for the bitterness of experience.

Upon the peoples of America and England is laid the burden of peace. If they are set for peace no other nation can disturb the world more than a little. There is no hope of a stable world that is not based, first and foremost, on a stable England and America.

We have seen that in both countries, the super-traders and their masters, the financiers, ar . preparing to compete —on the basis of quantitative production—for the world's trade. Since neither America nor England can sell to bankrupt Europe except on long credits, and since neither country absorbs as big a share of its own products as it should do, the bitterest competition will be felt in the markets and raw material areas of the East. British capital in search of cheap raw materials and profitable markets will come up against American capital similarly engaged. A sufficiency of friction having developed on either side, some political pretext will introduce—war.

On the stage thus set, only the workers (hand and brain) who furnish the means of industrial competition and will have to furnish the means of defending its divine rights, can avert the tragic close. So long as the world's credit, based on production, is controlled in the interest of private profit, so long will it, seeking only its private profit, ravage the world to provide it with raw materials and markets. In this there is no suggestion of deliberate wrong-doing. That a few men, invested with the credit-wealth of the world, should use it to institute Utopia is not to be expected. Nor is it desirable.

There is no possible stability in England or in America save one based on an equitable distribution of the products of industry. The home markets of both countries must be expanded by securing to the lower and middle classes—*i.e.*, to the bulk of the population—a purchasing power that

increases with increased facilities of production. Such an expansion would satisfy the spiritual and material demands of the peoples. It would stop the inflation of the export trade. It would reverse the inevitable tendency of accumulated capital to induce a disproportionate production of secondary goods and luxuries. It would set the world's face towards economic stability, and remove the greatest incentive to war.

There is no other way of removing it, save this one—to make it impossible for Big Business to use the national credit—which is born of national effort, and belongs to the nation—to seek their private aggrandisement even at the point of the sword.

The politician will not do this for us. Big Business cannot. The consumer *quâ* consumer is not organised for the righting of the wrong done him. There remains only the other party to industry—Labour in its capacity of producer. So far, the only part of Labour's power over the wheels of production which Labour has shown itself capable of using is the power to stop the wheels altogether. Is it conceivable that it will never learn that wheels were not made to be stopped but to be used?

We are told that certain of our Labour leaders have been studying finance for many years. If this is so, they may shortly be expected to ask themselves this question—"How will it benefit us to control the administration of industry if Capital, by its control of Credit, retains control of the *policy* of industry? How will our Joint Control Boards affect the problem of distribution, which, from the point of view of Mrs. Jones, depends not on what time Mr. Jones goes to work or how many hours he works, but on whether his work results in a decent and humanly beautiful life for Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, and all the small Joneses?"

If, having asked, they cannot answer, they might burn themselves on a pyre in Trafalgar Square and the smoke of their sacrifice, ascending to heaven, might move some god on our behalf.

It is a definite issue. If in Great Britain and America there are none bold enough to face it and none powerful enough to master it, then there is not peace; there is only an interval between wars.

The Passing of the Blossom

(To Walter de la Mare)

By Henry Williamson

The sphere-blooms of the dandelion have left their anchorage and are floating away in the warm wind. That same wind bears with it a vague scent, for the wild flowers are open to the sun, while the white buds of the may-tree and the thick cluster of lilac-blossom against the keeper's cottage yonder have come before their time. The yellow celandine petals have gone from the meadow, already their little heart-shaped leaves are tinged at the edge with the rust of decay; the brighter buttercups drink deeply of the poured sun-wine, and the red sorrel and pale cuckoo flowers move as the wind comes more strongly. No form of flower life remains for long. When I came here but a few weeks since the celandine was everywhere; a dearly-loved flower, for it rises so early, and is one of the first signs of life stirring again in the cold earth. Then the wood-anemones shone like stars among the brown leaves under the hazel wands and ashpoles of the covert, and on the raised bank near the vermin tree where the marauder stoats and pirate crows hang, the sweet violets drooped their heads, shy in their loveliness. I passed by that bank to-day, but the sweet violets have gone, even as the wood-anemones are withering. Nothing remains for long. But the first swift screams high in the azure, his black curved wings bearing him in fast circles, less graceful than the swallow, who floats on the bosom of the wind, then falls and turns sharply rather than sweeps through the air with the effortless thrusts of the swift. So in place of the violet's scent I have the scream of the swift, and the cuckoo calls above the dying wind-flowers.

I leant against a wooden fence, placed to keep the cattle in the meadow from straying into the covert behind, and to guard them from the brook that ran swiftly at the edge of

the hazels. High nettles hid the lower rails of the fence, growing straight and green, and giving off a heavy odour from their flowers. From afar a cuckoo was calling, but near me the only sounds were the burring of the great dusky humble bees at the nettle flowers, and the soft voice of the brook. A great cloud shadow came rushing over the meadow, the wind lost its warmth, and a few drops pattered on the jagged leaves of the hawthorn. Immediately a blackbird sang on the topmost bough of an oak tree in the wood, and a wren trilled from some hidden bush. Gently the rain fell, plashing on the veined leaves of the hazels; a yellow-green wave of light descended the distant hills and followed the black shadow over cornfield, meadow, and webbed pattern of hop-field, washing the red oast-houses with instant colour. The swift sunlight swept down to the meadow, the shadow passed onwards, and again the sun gave its vitalising rays to the grass and the wild flowers.

The blackbird left the oak tree and dropped down to continue his search among the moist leaf-mould; the wren was silent. Just behind, and dividing the field from the pheasant wood, the brook, its waters swelling with light, brimmed smoothly round a curve. A sweet little whispering call, oft repeated and so gentle that it might have been the voice of the brook, came from the ashpoles beyond. A long-tailed tit was gathering the down from the hazel catkins, calling, or rather murmuring, in shy, ecstatic love to her mate as she did so. The sunlight—rendered whiter and purer by the wind from the far hills—streamed down through the nut trees and the opening buds of ash; as the leaves rustled they caught the sunbeams, and were turned a lucent green. Mingling with the tender notes of the little bottle-bird gathering her material was the voice of the brook, almost inaudible, but lifting the heart with sudden joy for its poem. It is this natural music, soft-heard, that is the most inspiring; a rushing waterfall or chorus of loud singing thrushes and blackbirds has not the same effect.

I watched the two birds, so happy with each other, and heedless of anything but the immediate joyful moment, carry the down to a quick-set hedge, snowy with blossom, dividing the meadow from the wheatfield. They disappeared for a moment among its greeneries and spiky thorns, and then flew back to the covert, still murmuring to each

other in their wheezy, subdued tones. In the hedge the house was nearly completed, and had been fashioned with wondrous skill. Outside the birds had woven grey lichen from the apple trees with the green moss found under the oaks, and gradually a long, bottle-shaped nest had grown among the thorns. Several hundreds of feathers had been borne from the farmyard—distant over a mile—each journey made with the feeble, jerky flight. Think of the infinite labour and searching before the cradle is ready for the dozen minute eggs that will nestle in its soft cup! The little poet and his adoring wife were not alarmed at my presence: I stood within two yards of their nest, but they flew into the hedge and out again without fear or distress.

A wild bee hummed among the nettles, content and self-sufficient; a crow slanted overhead, veering as he saw me, for crows and gamekeepers hate each other equally; a dead leaf fluttered into the water and was carried in a foam-capped whirlpool under the roots of the hawthorn. Three willow-wrens came to the tree, and sought the insects that walked over the broad platform of the leaves; one flew to the surface of the brook and seized an horse-fly struggling in the smooth-flowing water. The stream sang and sang, carrying the leaf that had left the tree for ever; the sunlight flashed a burnished ripple, was gone again, and the bees brushed against the nettles, wondering if they should stay there or gather their harvest from the bluebells, lit by the shuffling shadow mazes, whose honey lay ready for loading. All the morning the bells on the green towers of stalk had been pealing their chimes of fragrance to the bees; the busy harvesters went heavily past, drawing their song-inspiration from the infinite flame of the sun, passing from bell to bell with an eagerness that must cause the wild hyacinths to rejoice—for would they not shortly vanish like the celandines and the wind-flowers? Nothing remains for long. A brief life, and they have gone whither all things that draw upon the earth-energy must go. Though the blackbird sing so leisurely, the flowers stand gently timorous in their fragility, the veined leaf stain itself with the sunbeams, and I am exalted in the "light and fire of summer," yet for all there is only so little of time. Therefore, it seemed to me, by the brimming water, so pitiable

that millions were confined in factory and office, breathing the air fouled by exhaust of petrol engine and chimney, while the brook rippled so sweetly, and the living air formed a passionate stream with the energy of the sunbeams.

Dreaming by the brook, I thought of other woods nearer London, which are so dear because of old associations of my boyhood. There still the nightingale returns, the jay lurks, and the mysterious nightjar wheels like a huge dusky swallow when the chafer beetles flit against the oak leaves at twilight. And yet, less than half-a-mile away, is a busy tram terminus. The wild things in freedom love their haunts, and are not easily driven away, but in the higher wood—beautiful in spring with apple blossom, uncurling brake-fern, silver birch and sheen of bluebell—no birds sang as alone I walked among its violated sanctities. It was the hour of solitude, when the sun almost was quenched and the moon had not yet come above the dim hills. The paths were beaten into mire by the passing and re-passing of a thousand feet, acres of bluebells had been uprooted and taken away, many trampled and crushed, or gathered and cast carelessly in the paths. The apple blossom was stripped from the trees. In his instinctive effort to possess beauty, man invariably destroys it—for is not all beauty ever elusive? It is the subconscious, or deeper than subconscious, realisation of this elusiveness of Beauty that causes the sadness of its contemplation—the blossoms were gone, a whole spring-life of them, carried away by the people who had come from Walworth, Shoreditch and Woolwich. Branches of those graceful trees, the silver birches, had been torn and wrenched off; not content with decimating the flowers, grasping hands had broken the smaller trees. A week ago, before the fatal beauty of the apple bloom had drawn the hordes from their strongholds, I found dozens of thrushes' and blackbirds' nests—some with eggs, others with fledgelings—all these disappeared on that Sunday. No beauty remains inviolate for long.

I walked slowly to the tram terminus, where the crowded cars waited to bear the many people back to London, thinking that soon the woods would be down, and houses with their inevitable laurel and rhododendron bushes crowd

together in regular patches; the sooner, perhaps, the better. Memory of former days was only too poignantly present.

In the cars sat the women and the men, each one clasping a flower or a fragment of blossom—of hawthorn, apple, or chestnut tree; the little children wriggled and chattered, holding in their arms great bunches of bluebells with their sappy stalks gleaming white where the sun had not stained them; boys with purple-dusty grass bennets and girls with lilac-coloured cuckoo flowers and drooping buttercups. A phantom carillon still chimed from the wild hyacinths, though their towers were fallen and their belfries wrecked. I looked at the transfigured faces of the children—old or young, they were all children—who breathed in the smoke and worked in the shadow, and saw that the beauty of the wild flowers had passed into their eyes; although the woods were ravaged, the spoiling and pillaging had not been in vain. For two or three days marcescent flowers and spilled blossom would remind them of the sunlight and the fresh air, of the cloud-shadow that swept up and the warmth that followed when the beams of light lacquered the branches of the trees.

I was filled with an ecstasy; the car, ordinarily so drab with its burden of artisans and factory workers, seemed illumined and vitalised with yellow, the colour of happiness; a radiance hovered about the children, as though the buttercups had dislustred their gold upon the air. I wanted to shout my joy aloud. Here was a manifestation of my hopes for mankind, the thoughts ever with me; at night, when the moon is young and like a silver curven goosequill, or old and like a scarred shield borne under the sempiternal rafters of heaven; at dawn, when the light flows over the eastern rim of the world till it drains into the western sunset. One thought by night and one thought by day—my hope is for the happiness of mankind. Could words of mine but tell you of the dream that lurks by the brook in summer, or with those vasty galleons the clouds floating with snowy sails in cerulean waters! There the Immortals are waiting. See the joy and happiness that is with every swallow flying low over a lake, his liquid image gliding under him. What is all the philosophy in the world to the joy of the beautiful swallow? Civilisations have risen and crumbled, faded into nothingness, like footprints in the desert obliterated by

sand. The sweet little whispering call of my long-tailed titmice fashioning their bottle nest, so happy in the sunshine, is a wiser and more profound utterance than all the philosophy collected from the books of the world . . .

The tram drew nearer London, with its dear children; had I doubted it before, no longer was the ideal of the artist obscured from me—you must hear it. It must be the ideal of man to beautify the lives of those who pass nearly all their days in the places whence the wild birds and the flowers have gone for evermore.

I thought of these things as the voice of the brook mingled with the love-whisper of my little bottle-birds, and the bees droned their anthem to the pealing chimes of the bluebells. For every year the flowers come, the migrants travel across the wastes of the great dim sea, the wheat sways and bends as the wind rushes over, and the white, burning sun swings across the sky; but never enough of these do the little ones in the city see; life does not remain for long. And I saw the happy ragged children of the trams reflected in the light-burthened brook, and was glad, even though the buttercups had gone from the meadow, and the wandering bumble-bees sought in vain in those other woods for the loveliness of the stained apple blossom.

Peter Wright's Book

By Judex

At the Supreme Council, by Captain Peter Wright (Nash), is certainly the most sensational utterance in the war, on a phase or supreme incident of the war, yet published, even more so than the *Diaries* of Colonel Repington, to which it is the fighting complement. So sensational politically is it at this juncture, that the question of motive inevitably arises; for the three heroes, so to speak, of the book are the three men who to-day, still in control of the national powers and mood, of government, of State organisation, of propaganda, and of the Forces of the Entente, govern Britain and the Councils of Europe, namely, the Premier, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, and Marshal Foch; and directly, designedly, challengingly, the author writes as on a brief to extol and consolidate this triple ascendancy. Another point interests: the author's qualifications. He was not a soldier before the war, he is unknown as military journalist. How comes it that he is in command of such vital, secret information? Perhaps more pertinent still is the question: how comes it that he has ventured to use this information, striking at the reputation of the highest in two lands, illuminating the dark spaces of the war hitherto so jealously shrouded in mystery? This flare historically will not go out. No doubt it will lead to wide pain and obloquy, and wholesale, if wholesome, disillusion. *Cui bono?* Such are the political considerations prompted by a book which in our own despite compels national attention.

Peter Wright answers part of the question himself. He was official secretary and interpreter to the British in the Supreme Council, 1917-1918. He was present at all the debates as secretary and interpreter, and it was his duty to write and keep the minutes and records; further, all the information on which the resolutions were founded passed before him, so that perhaps more comprehensively and

accurately than the Olympians themselves he was in possession of the precise knowledge of the debates and their decisions, orally and documentarily; was, in fact, the recording witness of the Allied councils, as no other was or could be. Such are his factual credentials. He has used them uncompromisingly to state a case.

Before the war Peter Wright was known to his friends as a "free lance." After a meteoric university career, he descended upon the gilded *côterie* of "youth about town" with a reputation as an excellent linguist, a wit, a literary Bohemian; he wrote a book, became a "buck" of the town, a personality of marked versatility, destined to be no man quite knew what, or in what line or sphere, whether in the law, in art, in politics, or journalism. His book reveals these qualities of logical thinking, concise expression, brilliant analysis, literary form, coupled with a rare moral courage and a combative individualism. It is a star-shell. Relentlessly, he dissects and exposes. With Gallic brevity, he emerges as the accuser, and his testimony is so far the most positive and intelligent criticism on our side of the Allied generalship in the war.

His object is the correction of popular illusion, to dispel the myth surrounding the chief command, to glorify the genius of Foch, the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, the military-statesmanship of Sir Henry Wilson, and, *per contra*, to denigrate the attitude of General Robertson, General Maurice, and Colonel Repington for their hostility to the single command, the absence of which in March, 1918, so nearly led to the Allies' loss of the war. The popular idea is that in 1918 the politicians starved the soldiers of men, which, he asserts, is a false view invented to explain away the constant failure of generalship; and in proof of this assertion he gives for the first time publicly the exact number of bayonets at our disposal in France at the time of the German break-through, showing what, of course, intelligent critics always have known, that as a fact we possessed a superiority in men and guns over the Germans in the spring of 1918, as we had always had such a superiority in the two preceding years. The spring of 1918 was really the high-water mark reached by all the military forces of the Crown. General Gough's defeat was not therefore, as commonly supposed, due to want of

men, to political interference, it was the inevitable result of bad generalship divided in its control, antagonistic in its actions, wanting in clear military policy, and the disaster came about (according to the author) directly as the consequence of the Allied Generals' refusal to establish a General Reserve, as agreed upon and ordered by the Supreme Council, the two dissenting Generals in question being Field-Marshal Haig and General Pétain. As Peter Wright, in a Ciceronian passage, maintains: "Falsehood exacts its price." Propaganda invented originally to deceive the enemy came in turn to deceive everybody. Everything became camouflage, and nowhere more so than in the High Command. All Chiefs were kept "painted" by the busy work of propaganda so as to be mistaken for Napoleons. All criticism and doubt became illegal, penal. It ceased to be necessary for generals to win battles; they were almost as victorious by losing them. Thus the blood-bath of the Somme, in which we lost nearly half a million men, and again the 1917 battles, in which we lost very nearly another half a million without any material gain, figured in the public mind as magnificent victories, and the general responsible remained unsuperseded, figuratively the nation's idol, and does so popularly to this day. It was so also with Joffre in France, with Cadorna in Italy. General Haig survived the slaughter at the Somme, at Passchendaele, at St. Quentin. The military Moloch became the nation's idea, with disastrous consequences to the idol.

No man cognisant of the facts will probably dispute the justice of this contention as military criticism; for it is undeniable, as Captain Peter Wright claims, that had the Allies created a General Reserve under a War Executive Board the terrible defeat of March, 1918, could never have been so cataclysmic, and might, according to Peter Wright, have enabled Foch to deliver his *coup de grâce* in March instead of in July. (We will return to this point.)

The reason of this failure is the reason of this documentary accusation. Sir Douglas Haig and General Pétain had arranged another scheme of defence completely at variance with the principle of the General Reserve, which left them without a reserve, unknown to Foch, who was thus the victim of an intrigue. Thus when the

blow fell, Haig had no reserves to support General Gough's Fifth Army assailed by the entire German Army of manœuvre. The Fifth Army, as a fact, fought splendidly for a week, practically unsupported by the British—only the 8th Division arriving in time to help—supported by the French to the extent of ten divisions only, which came into action fitfully, insufficiently equipped, and then only on the third, fourth, and fifth days of the action. This book at least exonerates General Gough from blame, also the Fifth Army, who fought with the British "usual tenacity," in reality saving the war. That General Gough has been victimised most unfairly stands out in this clear evidence with startling emphasis. It is indeed time that the nation righted the wrong done to this soldier, himself the victim of the intrigues in the dual High Commands.

Peter Wright must be left to fight the case with General Pétain, which on international grounds we do not desire to enquire into in this REVIEW, which has always and at the time fought for the single command, to which those who are interested are referred. But the truth remains. Our March defeat was caused by failure in the dual High Command, who threw down Foch's plan; who prevented the formation of the General Reserve; who left Gough without support, though the exact point of attack and its formidable nature were anticipated (according to Wright) by our Intelligence, and we had a superiority in men and guns at the time, dissipated, as Peter Wright's map shows, all down the long line, so that at no one or likely point of danger could the immense forces in reserve available be utilised. Such is the gravamen of the charge. As to the motives actuating the Generals responsible, the answer is human nature—personal ambition. General Robertson, Peter Wright asserts, wanted to be Chief of the Staff. Repington had a feud with Sir Henry Wilson. Pétain wanted to direct the French Armies, Haig the British Armies, and so opposed the single command eventually created under Foch at the eleventh hour, when on that critical Monday in March, on the third day of the German attack, both Generals Haig and Pétain "had given up hope" and were preparing to retreat, "the one to the sea and the other to Paris"—which, as Foch has since asserted, meant "*la défaite*," the loss of the war.

A word as to what remains of the controversial side, both positively in connection with Peter Wright's accusations and hypothetically as they affect his three "champions." His accusation is that the Robertson trio were "Westerners" and that their sole strategy was attrition, which is confirmed by all that Colonel Repington has written in his *Diaries*. But so were the French always, and, as Peter Wright admits, nothing was more difficult than to persuade the French that "tonnage" mattered or that Mesopotamia existed; moreover, our plan of campaign in 1918 was conditioned by Mr. Lloyd George's "side show," *i.e.*, the "delivery of a knock-out blow to Turkey" while awaiting the Americans in France. Robertson's answer (and case) is clearly this attenuation of forces in France. Did the events not justify this attitude? Suppose, for example, the Americans had not come, how would we have stood? Peter Wright's argument that Foch might have smashed the Germans in March as he subsequently did smash them in July is extraordinarily controversial, because it leaves out of account the supreme factor in the French dispositions in July, both moral and material, which did not exist in the spring, namely, the "miracle" of the Americans, who had arrived so unexpectedly and in such numbers by midsummer as to enable Foch to reconstitute the French Armies for his flank attack; which fact—and it was the decisive condition—was unknown to the Germans: for in March at least they had no such a vital addition of strength to fear, and consequently knew that the French could not sensibly weaken their lines for the formation of a great reserve striking force.

Again, Peter Wright omits another vital factor which saved the situation—the interbrigading of Americans in our forces. Early in May the Americans had placed 21,000 men by battalions in our divisions and 35,000 were arriving weekly. The moral effect of these *young* troops was of vital importance at the time. In June and July over 300,000 Americans came over monthly. By April 1 there were 10 divisions; by June 1, 16 divisions; by July 1, 24 divisions; by August 1, 32 divisions (each division comprising 28,153 men and officers). Now without these new forces—the "greener" the better—the war of a certainty would not have been won in 1918; to assert, then, that in

March Foch could have done with his General Reserve what he eventually did in July is hypothesis, to say the least. Furthermore, it is incorrect to say that Foch's blow in July was the *coup de grâce*. The truth is that the Germans extricated themselves from their salient with success; it was the devastating blow delivered by all five Australian divisions on August 8 which unexpectedly to us and most unexpectedly to Ludendorff (who in his *Memoirs* describes August 8 as "the black day of the German Army in the history of the war . . . six or seven German divisions had been completely battered . . . *August 8th made things clear for both Army commands, both for the German and for that of the enemy*") irretrievably broke the German defence and settled the war in our favour. To omit this is a grave commission which reduces Wright's argument to a brief as distinct from historical analysis. The truth is this. So little even in August did the Supreme Command believe in a German defeat that our August attack was in fact only decided upon by our Army insistence; it was to have *been the last great offensive of the summer;* only when the crushing results of it were known did Foch, as a fact, decide to push on, rightly, at all costs, a fact not mentioned by Peter Wright. Even as it was our casualties from August to November, 1918, were 17,426 officers and 340,745 men—a high price, and had it not been for the German breakdown from within as the result largely of our propaganda for peace on the Wilson terms, and perhaps even more of the disrupting effects of revolution, the collapse of Germany's Allies, and the *financial blockade* imposed upon German credit by America since January, 1918, it is extremely doubtful whether military operations would have ended the war that year, and to none was its sudden termination in fact more of a surprise than to the High Command, both French and British. It was August 8, not the July French-American attack, which settled the Germans, and it is a vital omission in Peter Wright's book that this truth is not brought out, for it is essential for a right understanding to bear in mind that none of the soldiers at the time expected the Americans to appear so expeditiously, and certainly the interbrigading of forces, at all times a dangerous step, is the last thing that can be adduced as evidence against the Robertson

theory of "all the men available and all the men in France"; precisely the contrary.

About the single command. Here we have the historical difficulty of all alliances—the Germans had it too. At Calais, February 27, 1917, Mr. Lloyd George had placed General Nivelle in supreme authority over Haig, which position Haig refused to accept. After the terrible defeat of Nivelle's Army "*de Rupture*" (as it was styled), which led to a serious mutiny in the French Army in May and actually, as its consequence, to the elimination of all the French Armies for purposes of attack for the remainder of that year, Haig no doubt felt justified in refusing to place himself under a French command a second time; at any rate human nature must be taken into account, and Nivelle's failure was so decisive as to warrant scepticism. In judging these matters to-day we should remember that in French opinion in the spring of 1917 Nivelle's attack was to be final; that its failure very nearly led to despair and would without a doubt have led to peace had it not been for America's entry into the war associated with the seizure of power by Clemenceau, who perhaps alone could at that tremendous crisis have steeled France to continue. Such is the truth. Haig, of course, knew that. He may not have sufficiently gauged the genius of Foch, but then neither did the French. When we now critically examine causes and effects, Haig can certainly claim that it was fortunate that he did not place himself under Nivelle, and it will remain an open question. There was also the question of procedure. As a soldier, Haig was perhaps correct in refusing to be subordinated by a politician. These are the inevitable technical difficulties of an alliance. Finally, Haig himself asked for the single command, as Peter Wright shows.

Historians, if ever they are able to unravel the mysteries deliberately cloaked by propaganda, will probably decide that not Foch but the coming of the Americans turned the balance in our favour in 1918, this perhaps more due to the vital accentuation of *moral* on our side and to its attenuation on the other than to the additional physical assistance. The point is material for any right judgment of the actions which brought about the end. The truth is that neither politicians nor soldiers, French or English, believed in a

German collapse in 1918; our, Foch's, whole plan of campaign for 1918 was the defensive in France, and Mr. Lloyd George was in 1918 a declared "Easterner." Peter Wright himself admits that with almost twice the strength over the Germans in 1916-1917 we had not won; it was therefore not probable in 1918, with the Germans almost at equal strength (for the first time), that we should effectively turn the scales. That, of course, makes the failure to create the General Reserve under a War Executive Board all the more remarkable, if not reprehensible, and on that ground we agree with Peter Wright's contentions; certainly the defeat in March, 1918, was its direct consequence, and this book justly appraises the blame, and points the moral. But he seems to claim too much. Was it not Pétain's plan to establish a great striking force in the woods of Compiègne, which was to prove the German undoing? Peter Wright does not mention this.

Pétain was the soul of Verdun. After all, we cannot be held responsible for the intrigues of Allied Generals, and they were formidable enough. It was the French who failed to make use of Marshal Foch, and until they did so we could not. They are to blame for this failure; our failure lay in our lack of scientific preparation for war, our lack of a General Staff, our fondness for cavalry generals, our unreadiness, militarily speaking, for war on the grand scale, exemplified curiously enough by the very fact of Peter Wright's employment, though highly creditable to him, as secretary and interpreter to the High Command, which position should naturally have belonged to a trained soldier, such a one as Repington himself, who instead, like Admiral Sir Percy Scott in the Navy, was "left out" to do journalism. This is really the reason of our poor generalship. We had made no preparations in peace. As Peter Wright says, it is brains that win wars—we despise brains; it is our national affectation. Our hideous losses are the result. We had no machinery for the discovery of talent. The incessant intrigues, wrangles, and scramble for authority were the consequence of our lack of a war machine, our belief in "muddling through," our unscientific appreciation of war. Only the men were sublime, and through their tenacity we won.

What is the use of this book of revelations? If we make right use of it, much good will accrue. But shall we? To most people the war is "washed out." Propaganda rules. No one wants to know the truth or benefit by the truth. It is the reaction: the price.

Lastly, Peter Wright assures us that Sir Henry Wilson had exactly worked out the plan of the German March attack. Is he then to be held entirely unresponsible for the singular lack of preparations made to meet it, even if Haig and Pétain had agreed between themselves upon a defensive plan other than that arranged by the Supreme Council? As a fact, Foch and Weygand anticipated an attack through Switzerland—the map of dispositions shows the French preparations made to meet this; Pétain believed the attack on Gough was not the main blow, he was expecting himself to be attacked near Rheims. In truth none of the Allied Generals believed the Germans could break through. Optimism on that point was general. We nearly lost the war in March quite as much owing to that "optimism" as to any other cause, for if the Premier, Wilson, and Foch had really expected the German blow on Gough's Fifth Army, it is inconceivable, given their joint and several powers, that they could not have been able to insist upon proper defensive measures; nor does Peter Wright explain their singular failure to make themselves felt. The soldiers always maintain that we expected to be attacked in the North (see Wright's map). Again, the French too were taken by surprise in Ludendorff's second attack. The July offensive, on the other hand, was accurately known to Foch from deserters, and the failure of the Austrian attack in June was due to the same cause. It is difficult to accept the contention, in view of Foch's known inclination to anticipate the German attack *via* Switzerland, that even in supreme command he would have placed his Reserve Army behind Gough, seeing that (as Peter Wright asserts) he, Wilson, and the Intelligence confidently predicted the place, yet with all their authority took no steps to meet what they must have known was to be the German last throw for a decision with forces almost for the first time equal. If so, it may be argued that all are equally to blame, which is the real truth. The attack was no doubt foreseen by the Intelligence. What was not

foreseen was its new nature, its mass artillery preparation, its swiftness, precision, and immense concentration of *power on one spot*, which is the Napoleonic axiom of attack. Certainly no soldier in the War Office here on the eve of the attack believed in the possibility of a break-through.

As Wright leaves it, Foch, Wilson, and Cox of the Intelligence foresaw everything, yet they could do nothing —a strange, a portentous, nay, incredible assumption; for behind Wilson stood our Premier and behind Foch stood Clemenceau, both in sovereign control of the Supreme Council and of propaganda, of Press and of Parliaments. There is such a thing as resignation. To see the mistake yet to acquiesce constitutes them accessories to the fact, yet none of them did resign, though cognisant of the terrible faults made in the defensive dispositions and preparations, which surely is hardly a reason for adulation— let us remember that Mr. Bullitt, "a mere journalist," resigned from the American delegation, also Mr. Maynard Keynes. It is *Kriegsspiel* after the event to pretend, as Major Grasset does in his book (*Precepts and Judgments of Marshal Foch*), that Foch could have done in March what he did in July, because he leaves out the essential factor, the Americans, and this book is a re-echo and reasseveration of the Frenchman's encomium. Under the single command, under Foch, the war might have ended sooner; in great probability our losses would have been far, far lighter. Brilliant, conclusive as a generalisation, painfully pertinent historically as an exposition of the intrigue which frustrated the creation of the General Reserve, it is by virtue of its very omissions a case, leaving the impression behind it of the trail of politicalism.

Lord Gorell's Matrimonial Causes Bill

By E. S. P. Haynes

WHAT is known to Divorce Law Reformers as the Minority Report of the Royal Commission is, in fact, a report on which all the Commissioners were unanimous, although most of them followed the lead of the first Lord Gorell in signing what is known as the Majority Report. In July, 1914, the second Lord Gorell introduced a Bill embodying the recommendations of the Minority Report, and on this occasion he was supported by many eminent members of the House of Lords, including the Archbishop of York. The second Lord Gorell was killed in action and his Bill has been left in abeyance until now, when his brother, the third Lord Gorell, is reviving it. I have before me as I write the text of this Bill, and it has the rare quality of being well drafted.

It will be remembered that about a year ago Lord Buckmaster, with the support of the Lord Chancellor, succeeded in carrying a Bill which embodied the recommendations of the Majority Report through the House of Lords; but the Government have not given it facilities for passing the House of Commons; in consequence of which the Bill must now pass the Lords again before it can be submitted to the House of Commons.

On the 4th December, 1920, the Home Secretary received a deputation from the Divorce Law Reform Union pressing for the Buckmaster Bill; but the Home Secretary replied that, although he and the Lord Chancellor and other members of the Cabinet were in sympathy with the Bill, it was a contentious Bill, and could only be carried by the support of other parties outside the Government.

Broadly speaking, the Majority Report recommends divorce on the grounds of:

(1) Adultery.

(2) Desertion for three years and upwards.

(3) Cruelty.

(4) Incurable insanity after five years' confinement.

(5) Habitual drunkenness found incurable after three years from first order of separation.

(6) Imprisonment under commuted death sentence.

The Report further recommended that a wife who remained within the jurisdiction at the time of the matrimonial offence should be able to maintain a suit for divorce even though the husband had changed his domicil. It also made provision for local jurisdiction, and recommended that marriage should be annulled within certain limitations: (1) where a spouse marries another spouse who is mentally unsound or epileptic or insane, provided that the facts have been concealed from the other spouse; (2) where one spouse is suffering from a venereal disease in a communicable form and the fact is not disclosed to the other spouse; and (3) where a woman is found to be pregnant at the time of her marriage by another man, and her condition has not been disclosed by her to her husband.

Another most important recommendation was that the Court should have power in its discretion, when a decree of separation is asked for on grounds which would justify a decree of divorce, to make a decree of divorce on the application of the respondent.

The Minority Report confirmed the above grounds of nullity, and also recommended nullity in the case of wilful refusal to consummate the marriage. It agreed that the sexes should be equal in respect of adultery, and they recommended that after seven years one spouse should be entitled to apply to the Court for an order of presumption of death, either where the other has been continually absent for seven years, or where the Court is satisfied that there is reasonable ground for declaring the absent party to be dead.

They made a much more stingy provision in regard to local jurisdiction, and they also recommended that the publication of divorce cases should be restricted.

It will be observed that, except in the case of antenuptial concealment, they gave no relief for insanity; but this is admittedly a difficult question, because it admits the principle of divorce in the case of disease. The crucial points of difference, therefore, are that the Minority Report gives no right to divorce in case of desertion or persistent

cruelty, and does nothing whatever to remedy the evil of permanent separation. The main contention of the Minority Report is that any relief for matrimonial offences other than adultery is bound to lead to collusion, except presumably in the case of the commuted death sentence. The signatories are apparently not deterred by the fact that adultery cannot be proved when the other spouse has entirely disappeared, and that genuine cruelty or desertion obviously causes much more distress than a casual act of adultery. The clergy have complained for many years of the large amount of really collusive but, in fact, successful adultery that is necessitated by the existing law of divorce; yet they apparently do not shrink from increasing collusive adultery by leaps and bounds by advocating the equality of the sexes in this respect.

The signatories to the Majority Report might well have taken up the gauntlet on this point, or perhaps more boldly have pointed out that the whole doctrine of collusion is nothing but a survival of the time when the Church was able to treat adults like children and deny them the old Roman right of settling their matrimonial affairs in private, whether with or without the sanction of the Law Courts. It is of no use to escape the tyranny of the priest if we are to endure the tyranny of the lawyer, and collusion has in a sense become the monopoly of the Bar. For not even the King's Proctor interferes with matrimonial agreements arranged between gentlemen in wigs.

For this reason the Majority Report is no more than the Minority Report the last word in the matter, and I have before now had to point out to its supporters that it was not enunciated on Mount Sinai. Its importance is merely due to the eminence of the individuals who agreed to what is just as much of a compromise as the Minority Report, although it has not the logical unity of the Minority Report.

The main body of effort for reform in this country has since 1906 emanated from the Divorce Law Reform Union, of which I am a founder; and my acquaintance with its proceedings gives me some knowledge of what most reformers want. Undoubtedly they want to see the Buckmaster Bill made law, and they think that this would be the best starting-point for reforming the whole law of separation. They would like to see all separation decrees and

orders maturing into divorce on the application of either spouse after a period of (say) three years; and they would also like a machinery for giving deeds of separation the same effect. In the case of a deed, it would, of course, be quite easy for one spouse to repudiate the deed and for the other to obtain instead of it a separation order or decree, in the same way as this procedure is to-day adopted where a wife wishes to obtain a decree for restitution of conjugal rights and the husband repudiates the deed in order to assist her. Such facilities would, of course, amount to divorce by consent, subject to a time limit of three years, and subject to the Court enforcing whatever provisions it thought fit in regard to providing for the wife and family, or in regard to the custody of the children.

There is just one other point on which reformers feel very strongly, and that is in regard to the activities of the King's Proctor, which that official himself condemned when he appeared before the Commissioners. It appears that on the 4th March last, Major Entwistle, M.P., made a forcible protest against the activities of the King's Proctor, especially as the House of Commons was asked to provide an additional £9,500 a year for the enlargement of his duties. The Financial Secretary replied that it was the duty of the Government to do its best to prevent collusion; but it was clear from the replies that collusion was not reduced, and that the only effect of the enquiries and interventions which aggravate the heavy burden of the taxpayer was to detect certain cases in which a successful petitioner had committed adultery. It is even rumoured that certain firms of solicitors enjoy privileges in regard to immunity from intervention which other firms do not. It is not disputed that a petitioner's matrimonial offence should be taken into consideration by any divorce court, because it must necessarily affect the economic obligation of one party to the other, and Scottish courts act on this principle. But nothing can be more ridiculous than that mutual guilt should be the one bond of a legal but fictitious union between two spouses. And it is clear that if one spouse had anything to gain financially from the guilt of the other there would be sufficient alertness on this point without any official assistance. The official activities of the King's Proctor are not merely degrading, un-English, and

anti-social, but also expensive at a time when economy is or ought to be the order of the day.

On the question of domicil I still think that much the best arrangement would be to abolish the whole doctrine of domicil and to make the test of jurisdiction for British subjects nationality and a continuous period of five years' residence in the country where he or she seeks relief. This would save endless conflicts of law, both in regard to other nations, nearly all of which adopt the test of nationality, and within the British Empire, some parts of which adopt the test of residence instead of the test of domicil. All this, however, is far beyond the scope of the Gorell Bill, and is not likely to be practical politics for perhaps fifty years from now. The immediate point is whether the Gorell Bill should be supported or not, and although I believe that my view is not popular among reformers I am strongly of opinion that inasmuch as the Government appear ready to pass it into law, the opportunity of even partial reform should not be allowed to slip by, especially as there may be a chance of introducing amendments in regard to cruelty and desertion.

It is urged that if this Bill becomes law no other reform will succeed for at least ten or fifteen years to come. Personally, I do not believe this. The first Lord Gorell said to me fifteen years ago that the mere establishment of local divorce in the country would rouse public opinion as nothing else would to the gross hardships of the law, and I am sure that he was quite right. The machine-made misrepresentation which the Church organises through bodies like the Mothers' Union is very difficult to fight, so long as the Church prefers subsidising a campaign of falsehood to providing for the poor clergy, especially as sufferers are naturally not willing to ventilate their grievances on a public platform. If, however, the very substantial benefits of the Gorell Bill were available to the whole country, the real facts of the misery which the Church is so anxious to make permanent would accelerate the march of reform far more than an indefinite prolongation of the present controversy. Ecclesiastical assertions cannot survive the hard facts of legal evidence and legal arguments.

The acceptance of the Gorell compromise will no doubt disappoint most divorce law reformers, and infuriate those

who are suffering all over the country from what I have always called "the most unholy jumble of civil and ecclesiastical abuses that has ever disgraced the jurisprudence of Western Europe." But after working for nearly seventeen years for a decent and rational marriage law I feel that one must not expect too much from members of the House of Commons. They represent for the most part the lowest common factor of intelligence in the country, or they would never have been elected. The House of Commons has lost all the old aristocratic element that made for justice and liberty; for democracy means being governed by persons of mediocre morality, and of an intelligence unduly concentrated on the task of pleasing mobs.

These men have more public business on their hands than they can properly transact, and are not conspicuous for moral courage on any question—least of all a question which involves being assailed by the ubiquitous hecklers who disgrace their ecclesiastical employers by persistent mendacity. No doubt, in this instance, the Church and its supporters will in time to come take credit to themselves for the undoubtedly important reforms of the Gorell Bill. Those reforms, however, in fact represent the genius of the first Lord Gorell for persuading a group of highly intelligent English men and women that injustice cannot be forever consecrated by ecclesiastical authority in any country like ours, where the Church derives most of its prestige from being established. The long delay of those reforms, and of the other reforms above referred to, is due to nothing but the Anglo-Catholic party, who, having captured the machine of what was once a national institution, have worked more ardently and efficiently for the disestablishment of the Church of England than any other association of Englishmen here or beyond the seas.

*** This article went to press before Lord Gorell had handed the Bill to Lord Buckmaster.

The Grand Guignol

By S. O.

In Paris the Grand Guignol has long been an institution, within clearly-defined limits, figuring, as it were, as an accessory, a training-ground, betwixt and between the borders of art and the other thing, but in no sense would a Parisian look upon its perpetrations, or, shall we say, "physiographics," as appertaining to art. Always the Frenchman is æsthetically honest. It is in this sharp and perfectly understood differentiation that Paris excels, and rules, in the world of æstheticism, and for the same reason Parisian criticism is supreme. To Paris, the Guignol is an eccentricity gymnasium, a side-show, an after-dinner amusement, and every Boulevardier distinguishes its art-form from that of the Comedy House, say, as pertinently as a schoolboy here, while preferring Sir Harry or Robey, would yet admit to the profundities dividing their wit from that of Polonius. At the Guignol shock is the keynote and in effect the keen edge of Parisians for the dramatic redeems and keeps alive this theatre of sensationalism, for there is a limit, and provided lightness of touch or form is preserved, the Frenchman is never shocked on the stage, and is temperamentally unable to understand the mentality of peoples who are shocked. When, for instance, Wedekind's *Spring Awakening* was produced in Paris the "world which amuses itself" was genuinely perturbed; its protests were real; Madame did not like it because it was not salacious, it was psycho-analytical; Monsieur resented its sombre pessimism; *Nom de nom?* The very people who think nothing of the little piece now played at the new Parisian Guignol, representing a Sadic monster whipping a girl to death, jilted at this life presentation of the Northern mind, just as Parisians are wont to view the theatrical kisses of our heroes and heroines as distinctly "questionable."

In Paris, morals are censored by the potentiality of laughter. If one can laugh, good; but if the thing is

solemn indecency or philosophic realism or real philosophy, Monsieur hesitates, and that is why the great modern dramatists—Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw—have never been seriously appreciated in the City of Light where the *Moulin Rouge* scintillates as the perfect symbol of respectability: except to foreigners to whom it figures as the windmill of the gay life.

It is a question of æstheticism or culture. Language is the Frenchman's armoury of civilisation as wit is his blade. All depends upon that; the manner of it, the graciosity of *tournure*, and the peculiar charm, art, or artistry of the French clown, the king of clowns, is indissolubly reflected in the literary art-forms and mentalities of men so great and varied as Voltaire, Baudelaire, Rabelais, and Anatole France, whereas nobody could detect much æsthetic, cultural or national affinity as between, say, Browning and Harry Tate, Bacon and "Bulldog Drummond," Milton and Marie Lloyd, Dean Inge and the "Young Person in Pink," who conditions and crinkles the English stage.

As the poets of the world, we are cosmopolitan, the French are critics; they are thus fiercely insular, their art is quite specifically national, Parisian, clannish, hereditary; ours is cosmic or nothing, and the Guignol is the reflection of this national idiosyncrasy governed primarily by technique, which to the Frenchman is the whole ghost of the theatre.

An English Guignol starts out consequently under difficulties. Our stage technique is physical, which should be an advantage in the presentation of the physical, yet is not precisely because what is the real drama of the stage resides not in what is seen or said or done, but in what is not seen or heard or instanced, such being the illusion or fascinating mystery of the theatre. This the French know *ab ovo*. Somehow it escapes us, and so of the six playlets presented at the Little Theatre the French adaptations stand out as winners. Especially is this so in *The Kill*. Here, bloodhounds are the thrill. They bell, and at once the atmosphere is charged, tragedy is implied.

It is enough. When finally the lover is thrown to the dogs, one hears only the strange belling tones of the dogs mingled with a few shrieks. The thrill is *macabre*, reflective, retroactive in sound, far more so than were we to see

dogs on the stage tearing at the limbs of the prostrate man, a picture which would disgust. This is drama, poignant, seizing. Compared with that the pathos of the seven blind men who believe they are being burnt alive is tenuous.

The introduction of a Guignol here is probably going to be an admirable innovation. As we look round the theatre to-day we can hardly pride ourselves upon much serious art; but if this dread or dreadful thing can be interpolated in Guignol sensationalism its educational influence is likely to prove salutary. And it is educational. At John Street the plays at least deal with life; provide an opening for the one-act play; license, so to speak, realism, emotionalism, sensation and novelty, and by the very brevity implicated they necessitate good acting. We get that. The versatility of Sybil Thorndike is astonishing. She has already established a school, and in Russell Thorndike she finds an atmospheric and singularly adaptable foil. One would hardly like to say that our Guignol is the serious theatre in London, but certainly it can be maintained that it is not merely another theatre, for its art-form is serious and its presentation quite so. Out of it, who knows what may not develop? It is creating a new public; establishing a new form of play; has already emerged as a definite entertainment. True, the censor is on the horizon. We are not likely to see girls disembowelled on the stage, as in Paris, but do we want to? Probably not. The interesting thing is that Sybil Thorndike has used the thrill to reintroduce drama in a form almost extinct in this country, and that the response is real. The Little Theatre is alive and kicking. And it is not simply an anatomical laboratory or torture-chamber of blood-curdling. We see plays. The object "all sublime" is not solely to stagger a film-drunk audience; its purpose is to convince. It takes itself seriously. Thus the Guignol is essentially a new platform for English drama; and a welcome entertainment.

The May Crisis

By Austin Harrison

Mr. H. G. Wells recently said that the Bible had lost its authority because it no longer applied to modern conditions —which as a "bull" is not bad, yet still seems rather hard on the compilers of that ancient and immortal book. It is a question of spirit or attitude: faith. If the Bible is "out-of-date" as a spiritual power, it is because men have ceased to be spiritual; in our incarnate commercial or material epoch this deflection can scarcely astonish at the end of a world-war which has left the physical supreme, which for the time has palsied idea and, above all, fears idealism, political, social, or economic. In the wonderful, or, as George Moore would say, the "immoral" month of May, 1921, we are clearly entering upon another world crisis as the result of our refusal to make a constructive peace due to the insane vanity, materialism, and insincerity of politicians; who, caught on the Secret Treaties, seem determined to divide up Europe into zones of spoils and boils, according to the blood doctrine of old-time conquerors. That really is what is the matter with Europe. The peace means war, especially economic war. Democratic victory implies an absolutism as dread and frightful as any wielded by feudal kingship; the so-called "liberation" war has set up Cæsarism founded on the sands of "paper" credit.

And so in May we are in for another crisis, France this time publicly announcing her intention to seize the Ruhr Valley on the pretext of German defaulting of payments which every banker, economist, and serious thinker knows to be impossible. The truth about Reparations is becoming silly. Germany can only pay through goods or exports, yet here is Europe strangled because politicians dare not tell their Peoples the unpleasant fact that, if Germany is to pay, her trade must be made prosperous, and that this is

the one thing we are seeking to prevent. Already we here are suffering from the effects of reparations. Our coal market has gone because of German reparation coal; our shipbuilding industry is lamed because of German reparation ships; our high prices here are the result of no competition; similarly we refuse participation in German industrial profits because this would lead to German recovery. France's claim is thus a challenge to the economic welfare of Europe. Are we really to be dragged along in the wake of this costly imperialism? It is Britain's question, and our whole economic life depends upon the answer.

At this juncture, faced with the gravest industrial crisis, due to lack of purchasing power at home and abroad as the result of high wages, high prices, and the elimination of foreign markets, we, as a nation, whose life depends upon exports, that is, trade, can hardly afford to watch the growing decline of Europe as France, who is self-contained and as a fact enormously enriched by the Alsace-Lorraine mines, can, for if we cannot sell we too must decline, as indeed we have stupidly witnessed over a coal lock-out, which is the consequence of the loss of our foreign coal trade under precipitate Government decontrol. In France the paper money boom of 1920 does not signify, because France does not buy food. Our paper boom has landed us where we are to-day, *i.e.*, in the slough of wholesale depreciation, and to get out, to appreciate again, trade is essential. Britain is to-day an imperial civilisation; we can no longer regard ourselves as the bank, the mother, the control, the market; more than ever we must sell, now that India protects herself and economic snares turn up on all sides, as we have recently seen over the importation of Canadian cattle, the slump in Australian wool owing to the absence of European purchasing power, the elimination of Russia, the mad exchanges, the world collapse of credit, the desperate introduction of protection as a political remedy to keep prices up at home against the severe competition brought about by the Treaty by men demonstrably ignorant of economic laws. Our national difficulties are economic. They are the fruits, the inevitable consequences, of the Treaty which, while smashing

European purchasing power, gave the very nations we fatuously thought we had ruined a *super-selling power* utterly beyond our capacity to counter; which indeed threatens our industrial existence. That is the simple story of the slump. A Europe which cannot buy from, but can always outsell, us is no good to Britain; yet such is the fact. This is what politicians made at Paris. And that is why Germany welcomes a low exchange, and why the Premier rigs up Protection. The "slump" is the addled egg of the Treaty—there is no purchasing power. What this means here is high prices—to keep our monopolies going. The absurd, the alarmingly idiotic feature of the entanglement is that this defensive Protection takes place *pari passu* with the deflation of war-wages, thus leading to a coal strike, and so to further self-strangulation, and will, unless remedied, lead to an economic deadlock, for although wages may fall prices cannot follow, and that for the very reason which has knocked the bottom out of coal profits; which phenomenon is, of course, the reason of the depreciation in British dyes, glass, cellulose, and the monstrous prices of paper, shirts, boots, clothes, wool, etc., etc.

Politics will not remedy this economic mal-condition—real reparations would about smash us—only sane international politics can. It is futile to regard our troubles insularly, as if Britain still had the high standard of comfort, the high purchasing power, the monopoly of world credit of pre-war days; all three are for a generation at a discount. The wages question remains the complement of prices which have not come down, which cannot come down, proportionately with wages, until and unless Britain recovers her exporting power and increases it considerably over any pre-war scale. That is the brutal economic truth confronting us. If we have lost our coal market, now that the war shortage has been partially made up, it is because Russia is out of the picture, and Europe cannot buy, Germany is not a buyer, and France and Belgium, who have a surfeit of Reparation German coal, are also eliminated; also because American and Chinese coal exports have increased, and even Australia is beginning to export coal. It is the same with other industries. Yet what do we find? As the miners refuse to accept the threatened cuts in wages,

coal rises in price, though with the loss of markets coal here should be cheaper. It is a bankrupt concern, we are told. We are on our points here, but the solution, as the cause, is international. It is the breakdown of European credit, plus the political dislocation of Europe, which has slumped our coal market, and the same applies to wool, cotton, etc., threatened with a further handicap in connection with a protected dye industry, which is still admittedly second class. These things are matters for economists, not for politicians, and they will not be solved by political methods. For the whole is the issue, both trade and credit being international. Their remedy is not here, it is in the councils of Europe. It lies in the reopening of trade, the re-establishment of world credit, the return of opportunity, competition, distribution, in a word, in real peace permitting the laws of supply and demand to operate freely once more. That is all. To-day, Europe is an economic madhouse, financed on paper. Politicians still talk, like war-contractors, in thousands of millions, regardless of the fifty thousand million dead-weight debt lying upon the whole. Force is the only application, because force is the only temporary political escape. But the truth hits us in the face monthly with increasing gravity. Economics are impervious to force, which without reason only aggravates the evil. The coal strike will probably cost tax-payers treble what a year's control would have cost. In the end, owners, men and public will all have to pay dearly for one of the most flagitious industrial disputes of our time.

Capitalists will have to face their own hard laws, one of which is that wages are conditioned by prices, and that unless prices fall—they are not falling—wages cannot be squeezed down into semi-starvation standards without incurring the risk of revolution. Our protection policy against Germany, who must remain Britain's potential buyer, can only result in high prices here, as we see to our grave discomfort; further, the wider our new imperial liabilities the greater taxation will have to be, which, coupled with the high prices, threatens to crush the middle classes into still lower social conditions. That is what is happening. If our policy, in collusion with France, is to be one of military domination over Europe, taxation and

prices must remain high—how, then, are wages to fall? This is the direct result of our 1920 policy of inflating and watering capital, to find to-day that exports and home consumption are a minus; hence the terrific capital depreciation. Our 50 per cent. policy means simply 50 per cent. on the taxpayer.

Our way out lies through Paris *via* America. If the new administration summons a conference to discuss a world reconstruction scheme, we shall no doubt follow the lead. Much will depend this year upon America; who will surely have to make up her mind to resume touch and responsibility with stricken Europe. If the war was also her war—and it was—then America can hardly default in peace. All her interests impel her towards wise co-operation, and in all probability the beginnings of order will come from her out of the despair of Europe's disorder. The entire matter of Reparations, so far as they are economically feasible, should be referred to American arbitration, as in the end all reparation must come about as the result of American participation, just as European credit, debts and indemnities will some day, somehow, have to be treated as a common concern of underwriting or writing off, of bonfires or bonds—that is, if our economic dividend mechanism is to survive, which assuredly it can only do if wages and prices, markets and opportunities, are freed from the incubus of a politicalism gone mad, and men return to construction in peace. It may be that politicians hope through crisis to expedite the American sense of responsibility, but this is a dangerous game. America will not lightly enter the European "Circus" again after Mr. Wilson's fiasco, which rankles over there as its effects choke us here; yet in that very discord there is some gleam of expectation.

For sure we cannot indefinitely continue talking nonsense about Reparations while taking frenzied steps to prevent Germany from being able to pay any, because in the process the slump will degenerate into a slough which might even topple over the "indispensable" Coalition, caught between the F.B.I. that can't pay and the Federation of Miners who won't work. Nor can we for very long afford to pauperise Europe even to suit the imperialist designs of M. Briand, seeing that we shall grow poor as Europe grows

poorer, and that prices, in the absence of competition, will be artificially maintained in the interest of dividends; which again will make the parents of our new "Fasciti," or middle-class, anti-Labour defence centre Party, irritable if not themselves revolutionary. Close Europe, and prices here will stick. What about wages then? That is one of our problems. Maintain wages, and what about our exports? That is its fellow problem. After all, the workers won the war with the British "usual tenacity." That at least is true. We cannot halve the wage-bill if prices are to be conditioned by protected or keyed industries. Protection is only useful as the means to capture foreign markets, as Germany proved by her pre-war dumping policy. But we will not be able to dump—unless we unkey Europe and at least give it a purchasing power. All this is dreadfully ordinary, of course, but for the nonce we seem to like it nasty, and so perhaps a little real optimism may assist. Perhaps we shall have to go to the full length of economic crisis and political degradation before reason reasserts itself, and the French will encamp in the "Avenue of Victory," in Berlin, and all Europe will come to the breaking-point, but let us hope not. The "hard-faced" gentlemen in Parliament are themselves hit hard by last year's policy of "all in industrials and the industries for us," for capital realisation to-day is not a capitalists' pastime. The remedy beams upon them. It is peace. It is the modern international thought. It is Europe as a whole and contentment as security, in place of bombs, bayonets and Brigadier-generalism. Let us be positively hopeful, for the sake of business, and say that there may come a time even this summer when our masters will turn lightly to economics out of very fear of the results to themselves of their own intemperate, incompetent, and unconsidered politics.

Books in their Season

By Thomas Moult

OTHER times, other volumes . . . But when the Spring is fully come the reader turns to an especial kind of author, to the works most in the young season's keeping, that for the rest of the year make sweet the best-loved corner of his shelves. That is, unless he be in thrall most hopeless to those monstrous Russians, no longer with the heart to believe of men that they can store their minds honestly with bright words and "sweeter than wild honey dripping down." Catullus, Jean Paul Richter, *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, *Venus and Adonis*, Herrick, Keats, Scott, *The Wood Beyond the World*, *Richard Feverel*, *Tristram of Lyonesse*—a single spray of the early wild-wood, dashed with dew and sunlight at the morning's break, and not the rose-garden, is what we would seek while the May-time humours are on us. There is incommunicable pleasure to be gained from Scott's poems or the first pages of *Ivanhoe* if you carry your book out of doors before the world is risen and sit at the border of a green lawn, sharing your gaze between the reading and where the eastern beams are shafting over the wet grass. And who can take the full beauty of *A Dream of John Ball*, that brave tale of the May-time in an old priest's heart, unless the gathering of it be saved for a brave Spring morning?

The choice of William Morris and Walter Scott out of that delectable list is less haphazard than it might have been had not two new books arrived with the chickens and the daffodils—one of them merely happy gossip about Abbotsford and its first owner, the other a far more serious contribution to the literature that has hardly begun to collect, even twenty-five years after his death, round the name of William Morris. Of course, the superior person has full right to be supercilious about this perennial and pathetic curiosity of ours concerning the everyday lives of men we admire: although Morris himself would have denied that right. "Think of the joy we have in praising great men,"

he once wrote, "and how we turn their stories over and over, and fashion their lives for our joy." He even believed that by doing so "we are helping to make the unnameable glory of the future, living not altogether deedless." And a good many of us would rather be mistaken with the poet of *The Earthly Paradise* than correct with the superior person.

Mr. Archibald Stalker's volume on Scott* gives us, none the less, something more than hero-worship and retailed gossip. Scott is a good man to read about; even though there is nothing in his career that may compare with the artistic glamour of a life like Leigh Hunt's or Coleridge's, he had character and they had not. But the atmosphere in which Scott prepared his novels was entirely different from the atmosphere in which Coleridge worked out his invincible theory of literary criticism. It was hearty, healthy, of the fresh air and clean, physical activity, a man being no man, in Scott's opinion, if he did not sweat from bodily exertion at least once a day. There is a delicious imaginative chapter on "A Day at Abbotsford," beginning with the inevitable three hours of writing before breakfast, in which Mr. Stalker describes the kind of meal which Scott regularly devoured —stupendous in its proportions, and yet because we know how properly entitled to it he was we are not revolted as we are in danger of being when we hear of Balzac's elephantine appetite. Moreover, to continue comparisons with the great Frenchman, there is something infinitely pathetic and oppressive about the lonely death-bed scene in Paris and the dialogue with the doctor, but exaltation and a sense of magnificence in Lockhart's words about the hand that could no longer grasp the pen, the beautiful day "so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the body, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Yes, without shame we can read every line written about Scott and ask for more, knowing well enough all the time —and Mr. Stalker takes care we shall not forget it—that he was one of the biggest humbugs who ever wrote master-

* *The Intimate Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By Archibald Stalker. A. & C. Black. 10s. 6d. net.

pieces. That mysterious anonymity as to the authorship of the novels, that early rising and completing his day's writing before anyone else was about—even that heroic and heartbreaking determination to wipe out his liabilities instead of paying off his creditors with a few shillings in the pound—the explanation of it was mainly snobbery, grovelling, snivelling snobbery that one of the breed at the present day would surely laugh to scorn. Scott's desire was to hide the fact that he wrote novels. His single ambition in life was to ape the manners and position of the nobility. He would cringe in the dust for their patronising word. This is how he finished a letter to the Duke of Wellington when he was fifty-two, with honours heaped thickly upon him: "I have too long detained you, my Lord Duke, from the many high occupations which have been redoubled on your Grace's head, and beg your Grace to believe me, with an unusually deep sense of respect and obligation, my dear Lord Duke, your Grace's much honoured and grateful humble servant, Walter Scott." The only literary man whom he approached without patronising him was Byron—another lord. He was obsessed with the military ideal. "He continually referred with awe and distant respect to the generals who sent a few thousand men into battle. In his opinion those who had attended lectures on tactics were the supremest of men, far greater in grain than poets, painters, or musicians, even somewhat greater than landlords and lawyers." Nor was he above the meannesses, the crafty methods of dukes, generals and lawyers. He worked his brother and his son into Government posts that were nothing more than heavily-paid sinecures. He swindled more deserving men out of them.

But, when all is said, Scott was nobler than his ambition; his servility was all part and parcel of that humble attitude which caused him to write in his *Journal*, "The blockheads talk of my being like Shakespeare—not fit to tie his brogues," although he is about the only man whom it would not be a monstrous absurdity to compare with Shakespeare. That is why he remains steadfast in our regard, and will so remain always—if as democrats we can forget his brutal and ignorant words about trades-unionism and the toilers of his day. He goes through a critical time in our thoughts for this and other reasons, as we read the book on William

Morris,* whom for the first time those that never met him are privileged to see as a human being. The late Mr. Bruce Glasier's career as editor and lecturer in the British Socialist movement will not readily be forgotten. As Miss Morris writes in her foreword, he had the poet's heart, the poet's vision; he stood high in everyone's confidence, possessing, moreover, "the lighter side of comradeship and good humour, a sense of fun and enjoyment of adventure," precisely the qualities likely to endear him to William Morris, which, as the book shows, they did, the work of the two men together in the Socialist ranks continuing until Morris's death.

Here again is a book of glorious gossip, about a great, far less imperfect man, who a hundred years hence will possibly have had his story "turned over and over" as often as Scott's has been since 1832. Glasier's book, if it shows anything, shows that Mackall's *Life* needed a good deal of supplementing. It will be recalled that it was left to Burne Jones to choose Morris's official biographer. But Burne Jones and Morris had differed fundamentally on social questions, and Socialism was always a bugbear to the painter. "The Trafalgar Square riots terrified him against it at the outset," Morris confided to Glasier. "If only we could guarantee that the Social Revolution would not burn down the National Gallery, he might almost be persuaded to join us, I think!" When Burne Jones selected Mackail he attached little importance to Mackail's lack of sympathy for Morris's outlook. Consequently Bruce Glasier's relation to Morris is altogether ignored in the official biography. Not once is his name mentioned; and yet, at the end of Glasier's book, we are presented with a selection from no less than seventy letters which Morris wrote to him during ten years of their friendship!

They are the letters of a man to whom the Spring came twice in one lifetime, as it did not come even to Scott, being that rare mood in a man's heart when, in Morris's own words, to-morrow is no burden to him, nor yesterday a thing he would fain forget.

* *William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement.* By J. Bruce Glasier. With an Introduction by May Morris, and two portraits. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. 6d. net.

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LONDON RIVER. By H. M. TOMLINSON. Cassell and Co., Ltd. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IT is a literary joy to read Mr. Tomlinson once more in a book, for he is one of our stylists, and on the sea writes about what he knows, as a sailor. He is the meditative and philosophic mariner, whose mistress is the sea. In these sketches and foreshore appreciations the mood and atmosphere are all, and we are carried along in quiet rumination, which is the author's peculiar charm. His method is the opposite to Kipling's, and even the humour which darts out at times, as in the little piece called "The Master," reveals that indescribable sense of homeliness which is the seaman's atmosphere. These things have beauty. "Not in the Almanac" is a wonderful little bit of characterisation lighting up the dark places which shut out the shoreman from the mind of the seaman; indeed the whole book is curiously revelatory of the mood and mind of sailors and of ships.

BOOKS

FICTION.

THE BLACK DIAMOND. By F. BRETT YOUNG. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IT is a pity that Mr. Brett Young should have given his fine book a title so banal as *The Black Diamond,* and thus label a story worthy in its sincerity and artistry to stand cheek by jowl with Hardy and Masefield with a cheap and shoddy name. This is possibly a trait of modesty on the author's part, but it is none the less a mistake, because from the average reader's point of view there is much in a name, both of author and book, and one reacts upon the other. Abner Fellows, whose story it is, comes of collier blood, and he may be summarised as a rough diamond; hence the portmanteau appellation. Abner is a sweet-blooded, lovable, pagan sportsman, full of the sombre decency and courage of the natural man, with a subliminal self that can, in great crises, express itself only in action, or, in the last resort, slip into the nirvana of drink. His inarticulateness is part of his charm when he finds himself repeatedly in situations which make the highest demand upon his essential manhood and his patient strength of body and soul. Being lovable, he is loved, and, being direct and simple-minded, the subtler sex outrages his conscience and evades his wisdom. How these situations arise, with all the concomitants of life in a mining town, on the road, or navvying in the Welsh marches—so admirably circumstanced, so full of the very feel of nature and of the interplay of realised and rounded personalities—it will be the delight of the appreciative reader to discover. Abner is a delightful fellow, and the book a seriously good book.

WHISPERING WINDOWS. By THOMAS BURKE. Grant Richards. Price 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE great success of "Broken Blossoms" as a film should ensure a wide public for this volume of stories "by the waterside," wherein the author once more shows his curious dualism as poet and materialist. The result is fascinating. It is melodrama yet poetry, materialism yet symbolism: like a police-court record told with the whispers of poetry. Thank goodness! Mr. Burke is never vulgar. Even his Cockney "narks" are never offensive, and of course his Chinamen—his speciality—whether romantic or cruel, exude an atmosphere which touch at times the heights. Mr. Burke is also a thinker in drama, and excels in surprise and antithesis. His ends snap. His stories have no tail: it is generally the last sentence that whips the face. He has the wit of brevity and the sense of space. These stories are also documents of a time, of a place. His girls savour of the Mary Pickford type, and the observation is real. A tonic of excitement with a strange charm.

THE MAN WHO DID THE RIGHT THING. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. Chatto and Windus. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON gives large measure in this his latest book, but never too much, because he tells of the worlds of which he is singularly well qualified to speak—Official England and East Africa. The story of Roger Brentham covers a period of over thirty years,

from 1886 onwards, and makes the reader familiar with the methods of officials, missionaries, and exploiting companies during the great scramble for unclaimed Africa. All the delightfully communicated information is woven into a story in which all the personalities are made piquantly real by a penetrating and sympathetic knowledge of men and things (including women), and enlivened by the wit and wisdom of a pen with a sharp and telling point. A very encyclopædia of first-hand facts is administered, without the smallest hint of the lecture-hall, because it all drops easily into a narrative which holds and sometimes thrills. Sir Harry is delightfully ironic upon petticoat influence. He exhibits intrigues and intriguers with many touches of actuality, and exposes rascals, climbers, and incompetents with unsparing humour; but there is always a geniality and broad-minded man-of-the-worldliness in his judgments, and his views on good Germans and good missionaries, upon African peoples, and the big game question, as well as his profound knowledge of types and origins, give to these pages an authoritative instructiveness for which all thoughtful readers will be thankful. A book of such scope, embracing as it does early manhood, maturity, and age, with all its romance and growths upon an autobiographical scale, must depend upon something larger than the ordinary novel for its interest, and naturally the developments leading up to the great war form a sufficient undertone to the political side of the story, and provide the long view which this frankly and charmingly reminiscent book offers as consolation for the inevitable sadness of lives that are lived out and happiness which is fugitive.

SOCIOLOGY.

DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL. Allen and Unwin. Price 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

NOT issued for general sale, this translation of an Austrian book with its Freudian introduction is likely to be scrambled for; and in truth it is a contribution to the vexed and controversial problem of feminine sex psychology. It purports to be the diary of a girl of 12, a typically modern educated child of the middle-classes, whose natural curiosity plays freely with natural laws and mysteries under the new licence of her sex. She is un-English as a type, and the cynicism and brutality of the German pop out in various forms which may astonish us. But the thing is astonishingly intelligent, and no doubt real-educational people should read this book. It seems to give added evidence of the necessity of an enlightened attitude about sex towards children, from the results of the old alternative. To leave children to "muddle through" the mysteries of sex leads, as this book so clearly shows, to a prurient curiosity and cynicism which must be harmful to the individual and to society.

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